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Edited by

William Rose Benét

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Samuel Johnson in the Twentieth Century

HORACE GREGORY

A NEW edition of Samuel Johnson's "Poems" was issued almost two years ago; the book is a luxury, for its price is seven dollars and fifty cents, and being what it is, a book of poems, and many of them in Latin, it is quite impossible to think of it being loaned from the stationery shop, "where fiction flourishes," one almost says, "and arts decay." The book has been the patient, brilliant, cautious labor of almost twenty years in research by two editors, a work of collaboration which bridged the Atlantic westward, using the resources of the Huntington and Yale libraries, and publishing for the first time in a complete collection of Johnson's verse some half a hundred pieces, including translations into English of the Latin and Greek mottoes in *The Rambler*. The result is, I repeat, a beautiful book—and a luxury—and I am reminded, perhaps irreverently, of the protest that Samuel Johnson wrote to the printers at Oxford concerning the high prices of their fine books.

Ignoring for the moment our interest in his literary revival, one need not labor the point that Johnson was firmly of his time and place, and, more than that, was at least two decades behind the moment at which his influence was most deeply felt. If it can be said that one drop of provincialism in a man's blood makes all mankind his kin, then Johnson's heavy frame and swelling veins contained a full pint of that heady liquor. As he arrived at his celebrity in London he moved as an ancient Titan in the company of a highly self-conscious and sophisticated group of young and active men; he was the father of their Literary Club, voicing taboos and parental discriminations among its members, his corpulent figure was the totem of their belief, and his contrasting fits of kindness, of anger, or of despair were the signs of his all-too-human relationship to earth. He entered the latter and declining years of the Augustan Age with the conventions of Queen Anne's day unflawed, untarnished: from the sources of Juvenal, Horace, Dryden, and Pope he drew sustenance for the external forms of his literary style, and it should be added that, however well he knew his Greek, his skills were Latin, corresponding to the usefulness, the spans, and masses of the Roman aqueduct. But the melancholy strains within the forms, transfiguring the style and making it his own, were not of the European continent nor of its southern peninsulas:

> Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
> Still drops some joy from with' ring life away.

These strains are of a northern heritage, sounded in the epic of Beowulf and heard within the soliloquies of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth," and their last echoes are resumed beyond Johnson's century in the dramatic verse of Henrik Ibsen. Perhaps it could be said that something which resembles or runs parallel to a *Weltanschauung* has been conveyed within the measures that define the melancholy temper, but we can say that all poetry worthy of our admiration enjoys a happy paradox of seeming most universal when it is most at home, voiced in a language that intones a familiar tongue and is sheltered by the presence of its own roof-tree. In this sense

—*From the drawing by Mahlon Blaine*

Johnson's major verse as it is represented by "The Vanity of Human Wishes" has elements of greatness that place it within comparable reaches of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" and Wordsworth's "Resolution and Independence." It was Johnson's profound look inward to the passion of life beyond youth and its felicity that endowed "The Vanity of Human Wishes" with a somber heat, and this perception, however else we may define it, is what we mean when we speak of a writer who possesses "a tragic sense of life."

OF Johnson the moralist—and his morality was of the same root from which his melancholy sprang—it can be said that one finds him less oppressive and certainly less static than he seemed a generation or two ago. His texts for sermons were drawn from lively observations of the scene around him, a habit which he may have learned from an attentive reading of Dryden and Juvenal, but which, I think, owes a slighter debt to literary influence than to the enforced leisure of his unconquered indolence, to his love of walking through crowded city streets, to his need for company in coffee-houses, and to the slow growth of his own literary fame. As indolence increased his sense of guilt, the more urgent was his demand to break its spell, and in that conflict his will was often put to a test of strength between the prospect of lonely hours at his desk or an evening's talk over several bottles of wine.

His imitation of Juvenal's Third Satire, his "London," the verses of which Pope had praised and predicted future celebrity for their author, was constantly refreshed and kept in motion by commentary that sharply reflected the diversions of life at the nation's capitol. The poem's wealth of contemporary reference was so complete, so vivid in its detail, that it has been all too easy for studious readers of it to repeat and to half-accept Sir John Hawkins's claim that "injur'd THALES," who "bid the town farewell," was in fact a portrait of Johnson's old friend, Richard Savage.

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It seems strange that neither Mr. Smith nor Mr. McAdam sought for a fresh interpretation of the line. For Thales, as we all know, was a wandering Greek philosopher of the seventh century, B. C., who left no writings for posterity. It was he who believed that the single imperishable element of worldly life was water, and the Thales of the poem awaits a boat to take him out to sea; the classical reference ignites the wit that follows after, and we who read the poem today had better forget Sir John's attempt at scholarship and take our stand with Boswell who cheerfully denied Thales's identity with Savage, and who knew his Johnson literally like a book.

In reading Johnson's moral verses we must grant that the very terms of his Anglican theology have a further reach toward Heaven and a greater depth than any Thales-like spread through flux and motion; and in reading Johnson generally, we should be aware of the penetration, the delicate niceties with which he viewed the weaknesses and merits of his fellow-men. The motives behind his observations were avowedly critical, but the results as they appear in his verse and prose place Johnson among the most profound psychologists of his age. The moralist who shouted warnings in Mrs. Thrale's drawing-room, and in one instance replied to her nephew's question as to whether or not the young man should marry by saying, "I would advise no man to marry, Sir, who is not likely to propagate understanding," was at the very least a lexicographer well-schooled in the flaws of human character. But the fine balance with which Johnson weighed and sustained his judgments of human flaws and virtues was never better exemplified than in the concluding paragraphs of his "Life of Richard Savage." The sermon was graced by an extraordinarily vital text, and I think I may be pardoned for quoting this particular passage at length, for the delicacy with which Johnson set his scales cannot be shown by citing isolated phrases:

> He appeared to think himself born to be supported by others, and dispensed from all necessity of providing for himself; he therefore never prosecuted any scheme of advantage, nor endeavored even to secure the profits which his writings might have afforded him. His temper was, in consequence of the dominion of his passions, uncertain and capricious; he was easily engaged and easily disgusted; but he is accused of retaining his hatred more tenaciously than his benevolence.
>
> He was compassionate both by nature and principle, and was always ready to perform offices of humanity; but when he was provoked (and very small offenses were sufficient to provoke him) he would prosecute his revenge with the utmost acrimony till his passion had subsided.
>
> His friendship was therefore of little value; for though he was zealous in the support or vindication of those whom he loved, yet it was always dangerous to trust him, because he considered himself as discharged by the first quarrel from all ties of honor and gratitude, and would betray those secrets which in the warmth of confidence had been imparted to him. This practice drew upon him an universal accusation of ingratitude; nor can it be denied that he was very ready to set himself free from the load of an obligation; for he could not bear to convince himself in a state of dependence, his pride being equally powerful with his other passions, and appearing in the form of insolence at one time and of vanity at another. Vanity, the most innocent species of pride, was most frequently predominant: he could not easily leave off when he had once begun to mention himself or his works; nor ever to read his verses without stealing his eyes from the page, to discover in the faces of the audience how they were affected with any favorite passage.

—From the woodcut by Robert Gibbings

SINCE we are on the subject of Johnson's prose the occasion presents itself for a glance, however brief, at his generally underrated essay on Swift. It is true that Johnson's attitude toward Swift could not be described in terms of unprejudiced affection, for the difference in temperament between the celebrated lexicographer and the late Dean of St. Patrick's would scarcely permit the semblance of a natural rapport. If Johnson leaned backward in time to the convention of Queen Anne's day, their limitations (not unlike Pope's) were fixed by the new order of an Augustan Age which took pride in acknowledging Dryden as its predecessor. The true gulf between Swift and Pope was of a far greater span than Swift's admiration of Pope's genius indicated, so great indeed that an appreciation of the gifts of one is almost certain to obscure the other's.

An intelligent comparison of the "Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift" with Pope's "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" is a near impossibility, and the contrast is all the more obvious because the two poems bear a superficial likeness to each other; both delight the reader by a display of self-knowledge beyond all ordinary wit, yet the moment that delight is gratified, the distinctly separate merits of the two poems assert their individuality; as Swift moves backward to Butler's "Hudibras" and ultimately to the rough pleasantries of Skelton, Pope moves forward from Dryden to anticipate the sensibility of Collins, and from this point onward all comparison becomes irrelevant. Another illustration of the impassable gulf between the imaginations of Pope and Swift is shown in verse written from a common source of literary inspiration. Both poets had read Ovid with unusual insight, but it is significant that Pope chose "The Heroides" on which to model his "Eloisa to Abelard," while Swift turned to the "Metamorphoses" for the inspiration of his "Baucis and Philemon." In his "Baucis" Swift ran closer to the effects produced by the graphic art of Hieronymus Bosch, and incidentally to the twentieth century of Max Ernst and Ives Tanguy than to the world of Pope's "Eloisa" and his "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady." A quotation from the transformation scene in "Baucis" clearly shows the trend of Swift's direction:

> The Groaning Chair began to crawl
> Like an huge Snail along the Wall;
> There stuck aloft, in Publick View,
> And with small Change, a Pulpit grew.
>
> The Porringers, that in a Row
> Hung high and made a glitt'ring Show,
> To a less Noble Substance chang'd,
> Were now but Leathern Buckets rang'd.
>
> The Ballads pasted on the Wall,
> Of "Joan" of "France," and "English Moll,"
> Fair "Rosamond," and "Robin Hood,"
> The "Little Children in the Wood":
> Now seemed to look abundance better,
> Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter;
> And high in Order plac'd, describe
> The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.
>
> A Bedstead of the Antique Mode,
> Compact of Timber many a Load,
> Such as our Ancestors did use,
> Was Metamorphos'd into Pews;

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Which still their ancient Nature keep;
By lodging Folks dispos'd to sleep.

The Cottage by such Feats as these,
Grown to a Church by just Degrees,
The Hermits then desir'd their Host
To ask for what he fancy'd most:
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them Thanks in Homely Stile;
Then said; my House is grown so Fine,
Methinks, I still wou'd call it mine:
I'm Old, and fain wou'd like at Ease,
Make me the *Parson,* if you please.

I CAN think of no further reach away from the scene of magic which took place in Philemon's cottage than the following lines from "Eloisa to Abelard," which are as distant, let us say, as the sight of earth from Eloisa's Heaven:

Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymeneals sing;
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

It is plain enough (as I have hinted in the contrasts of Swift's verse with Pope's) that the "Life of Swift" reflects the same cast of mind which steered Johnson's hand as he wrote his famous remarks on the metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century, but the essay, more than all else, is refined and tempered by the need to present the case of Swift with decent clarity and justice; he gave high praise to the simplicity that gave unwavering strength to Swift's prose style, and had much to say of Swift's "originality" as well as the excellent quality of his moral courage. The point is, that even here, where Johnson's heart was not warmed by his subject, his scale of values was as delicately set as in his "Life" of Savage.

But Johnson's moral instrument, however finely tempered it came to be, was uncommonly slow in taking its proper shape, and surely in the writing of his own verse, Johnson cannot be credited with the brilliance nor accused of the sins of an unlearned precosity. His mistaken venture into poetic drama, his "Irene," was an early work over which he labored intermittently for ten years. Its production by David Garrick at the Theatre Royal in 1749 crowned its failure, and in the present edition of Johnson's "Poems," Messrs. Smith and McAdam have erected a veritable Gothic monument of notes over its fallen ruins.

The entire story of the play is told at length, including a memorable quotation from Richard Knolles's "The Generall Historie of the Turkes" from which Johnson received his inspiration, his plot, and the not unseductive figure of his heroine, the beautiful

—From the woodcut by Howard Simon

Greek captive, Irene, who had become chief concubine in the household of Sultan Mahomet II. The Sultan's sacrifice of, his murder in fact, of Irene —and this was to appease the critics of his inactivity in war—was neither a happy subject for Johnson's speculations on moral conduct nor was it convincing proof of his heroine's virtues.

We reread Johnson for his last words rather than his first; and among them his "Irene" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes," which were presented to public view in the same year, may be looked upon today as signs of a turning point in his literary development. The melancholy strains so distinctly overheard throughout the measures of "The Vanity of Human Wishes" continue their progress in the themes of his shorter verses. As Johnson passed the meridian of middle-age, his temperament was emphatically less humanitarian than it was humane, and in this distinction we rediscover the high values that he found in masculine courage, an individual integrity, and a devotion to the Christian faith. In his later verse he practised what he preached, and indeed the writing of his verses seemed to improve as the slowly growing volume of his prose enlarged from "An Account of the Life of Mr. Richard Savage" in 1744, through "Rasselas" in 1759, to the "Lives of the Poets" in 1779. Even if we remained unaided by Boswell's biography, the course of Johnson's mature development in verse could be traced in parallel lines to the greater exercise of his critical gifts in prose. It would seem that the authority of one proceeds from the other, until at last we are rewarded by the well-known satire, "A Short Song of Congratulation" and his verses "On the Death of Dr. Robert Levet."

Despite Johnson's positive mistrust of metaphysical poets, the revival of their work which caused voluble excitement in literary circles twenty-five years ago, actually paved the road for a renewed awareness of his own merits. The step between a poetry that admits the existence of metaphysical realities and the poetry that expresses the need for religious devotion has always been a short one: in both the presence of a matured poetic intelligence is often happily fused with the creative heat of poetic imagination. It is that intelligence which we rediscover in Johnson's elegy on Dr. Levet, and in finding it, it is not too much to say that we also touch the profound depth of Johnson's piety:

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend;
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
His vig'rous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

TO read the verse of Johnson's latter years is to hear the voice of a singularly unified character and spirit. Few writers have achieved his "integration of personality" (the phrase belongs to Dr. C. G. Jung, but my figure remains the corpulent lexicographer who received an honorary L.L.D. from Oxford); and that state of being is perhaps the most frequently cherished hope of the individual of the present age. In England of the eighteenth century Johnson shared with Fielding and Smollett the will and the authority, the patriarchial strength and tenderness of a wholly masculine genius that has not made its reappearance in British literature of the first order since the death of Thomas Hardy. The vigor of an indigenous wit that Boswell heard when Johnson remarked, "The Irish are a FAIR people, they never speak well of one another," has no voice among living Englishmen today; and since the present edition of his "Poems" has received high praise and affectionate regard in the British press, we can be assured that the voice is not forgotten among a people who have outfaced the terrors of a total war.

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Robert Coffin's Literary Creed

THE SUBSTANCE THAT IS POETRY. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 167 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

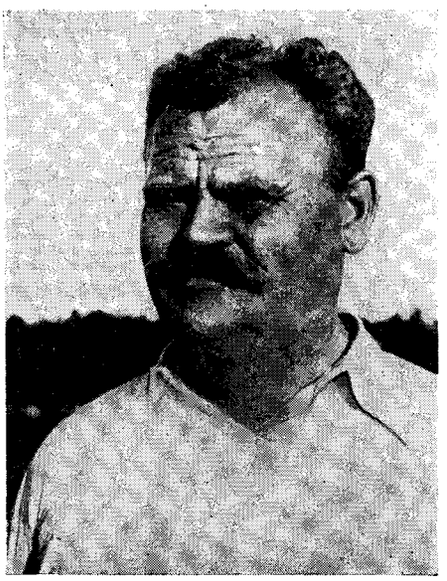
THIS charming and plain-spoken little book contains the literary creed of one of the best of our poets, who has the further advantage of being a personality right out of the top drawer. It vibrates with affirmations and the vigor of the eternal masculine. Mr. Coffin's mere existence is a reproach to those who fancy that poetry has its origins in programs excogitated in rather unattractive cafés by rather ineffective minds given to hunting in packs like the ladies described by Mrs.Wharton. His ideas are clear, his design is to be understood, and his attitude toward his art and his practice of it are as they should be. I am glad the book was written. I hope it may be widely read. For whatever reservations one may have (and on this subject even the admirer may have them), Mr. Coffin's premises and conclusions come out of a kindling and kindly mind and from a whole and entire heart. No wonder his book has solidity and tang.

The work consists of six highly individual lectures delivered at the University of Indiana. And Down East gave the Hoosiers good measure pressed down. The discourses are not only about poetry but they are poetical themselves, and could easily excite receptivity. The pages are gleaming with apt and illuminating images. And Mr. Coffin is nearly always terse, emphatic, and clear where there is perpetual danger of being long-winded, languid, and obscure.

One wouldn't accept as true everything that is true for Mr. Coffin. But what matters, in the old phrase, is that it is true for him. And the faith that is in him commands respect, particularly because he makes his points with an earthy concreteness "as real as the taste of a good apple." This is so true that, instead of being offended when he justifies his contentions out of his own poems, you are sharply interested. After all they are good poems and he knows better than any other how they came into being. He has gone as far into that question as a man is permitted to go by "the watchers of the threshold." It is a good thing that once in a way some one who knows how should tell as far as possible how he does it, or rather how it is done.

In this connection, though the whole book is full of thrilling sense on the subject, the reviewer particularly recommends the third lecture, "On the Independence of a Poem." Anyone who writes or reads in the proper sense of those verbs must be struck by Mr. Coffin's account of what a great psychologist has called "autonomous ideas," wild creatures of the thought that may be gentled and tended by their ostensible creator, though he knows in his heart that they are a visitation from God knows where, rather than anything of his making. Mr. Coffin on how the idea overmasters the man who thinks he has it, "when in reality it has him," is eloquent, exciting, and oddly matter-of-fact. He has a realistic "uncanny canniness" in such connections, which is in refreshing contrast with the sort of professional mystery and obscurantism into which some not unworthy fall. I, for one, am grateful that he talks like a man on subjects concerning which too many mumble like illegitimate descendants of Cagliostro and Madame Blevatsky.

J. J. Thomson, the physicist, once remarked of A. E. Housman that there was nothing of the poet about him except the poetry. The compliment is on the backhanded side, implying as it does that poets as a rule are affected and ineffectual persons outside of their art. Some are. But Mr. Coffin belongs in the Houseman category of the manly and the gifted.



Robert P. Tristram Coffin

The Strange World of J. H. Zenith

MR. ZENITH AND OTHER POEMS. By Edward Doro. New York: The Bookman Press. 1943. 55 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THE great romantic tradition is suspect and a trifle tawdry. It has dropped too far and too disastrously. In literature, and in painting, it produced wonderful things: but we, who admired or shuddered in boyhood at "Vathek" or "Childe Harold," at Poe's or Baudelaire's incessant solipsism, are now terribly aware that the great puppets of the masters have stalked on to the stage of actual life. An esthetic movement which has ended in the Viennese house-painter setting-up his crazy step-ladder across the universe while he tries to splash his colors on the firmament has naturally fallen into disfavor.

Yet it would be unfair to ignore the beauty in that movement because of its terrible issues in action; just as it was unfair to belittle the loveliness and dignity of the classical tradition because it ended in a sterile republicanism in action. Edward Doro's poetry is of the nineties, so strangely called "gay." His new volume is dedicated to that strange artist M. P. Shiel, who represented not only the magnificent fantasy but the worst excesses of a romanticism gone either horrible or silly. Of the typical nineties authors only Arthur Machen, among the extravagant men, is secure, saved from an empty Beckfordian egotism by his adherence to Catholicism. Mr. Doro still shows the fertility of invention, the swiftness and immediacy of language which marked his "Shiloh" and his "The Boar and Shibboleth." Some of the poems here, "Refugees" and "Travelogue," are concerned with the horror that has fallen on our world; but as a rule Mr. Doro moves in his own private world of fantasy.

It is this strange world which he shows us in the long poem "Mr. Zenith." In this John Henry Zenith is visited by four guests—the chief, Orod (an obvious metonym for Doro) and three companions. In verse now lyrical, now satiric, now heightened by despair and hope, it is a dialogue between Zenith and the four who are aspects of him, yet solitary. The poem is a study in spiritual and intellectual integration and dissolution. It is inconclusive, spasmodic, in which Mr. Doro gives the key to his rather tortured thought by his trick of "backspelling"—Evol for Love, Drawdé for Edward. The poem has many remarkable passages, and displays Mr. Doro's gift for the arresting phrase—but on the whole it is a bold attempt rather than a success, and it ends in a rather lame and too-conversational passage. Loose strands of thought and imagination are started when first the four guests confront Mr. Zenith at his door.

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Prophet of the Universal Crisis

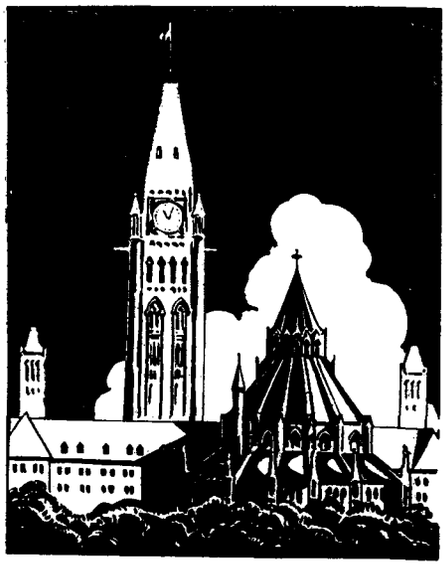
BASIC VERITIES. PROSE AND POETRY. By Charles Péguy. Rendered into English by Ann Julian Green. New York: Pantheon Books. 1943. 282 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

A NEW publishing house, Pantheon Books, has done well for the American public by acquainting it with one of the great representative French writers of the beginning of the present century. Charles Péguy died in the first stage of the last great war in a battle against Germany at the early age of forty-one. Born in Orléans, on his paternal side linked to the Jacobin tradition of the French Revolution and the small-town middle class, on his maternal side to the Catholic faith of French peasantry, he grew up and lived his whole life in a militant, and in some respects Franciscan, poverty. In his twenties he was a socialist, in his thirties he developed into an unorthodox and very individualistic Catholic, bound to the saints and medieval traditions of France, especially to Joan of Arc, to whom he felt strangely akin. Above all he was a French patriot, jealous of the spiritual inheritance and integrity of France, a France which embraced the builders of the medieval cathedrals and the Jacobins, Pascal and Condorcet, the crusaders and the workers of the Commune, the Roman soldiers in Gaul and the defenders of Dreyfus. Yet all this was determined by his deep loyalty to fundamental verities, to justice and truth, and above all to human decency. He was out on an unending spiritual adventure, but never devoid of the sense of reality, clearly distinguishing the possible and decent from the impossible and indecent, heroic and yet human. He was deeply democratic, because he was of the people and attached to it and all its roots in the millenary soil of the French tradition. He belonged to no party. He was a socialist, a Catholic, a Frenchman, a European, a man, and he was all that in his own unmistakable way, leaving its unique imprint on every line he wrote, not only in its contents but also in its style.

A disciple of Bergson, he has probably exercised a more widespread influence than any other Frenchman of his generation. Though his "Cahiers de la Quinzaine" never became a publisher's success, they are probably the most remarkable "little review" ever published. He was their publisher, editor, printer, administrator, and, to a large extent, writer: he did everything with the ascetic assiduity and the monkish devotion of a medieval craftsman. Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe" and Jaurès's "Armée Nouvelle," André Spire's essay on Israel Zangwill, and a today completely forgotten short story by the brothers Tharaud, "Bar-Cochebas ou Notre Honneur," appeared first in the *Cahiers*. Later on they were filled more and more with writing of Péguy himself. There was one unifying link in all diversity—his hatred of all shams. By a great, but passing, irony, the most shameful régime which ever emerged in the long history of France, the regime of Pétain and the literary men surrounding him in France or apologizing for him abroad, in search for a decent Frenchman, tried for a short while to annex Péguy. But the whole life and the death of Péguy are an unbending protest against the disgrace of France committed by Pétain and Vichy. Péguy, though deeply republican and less Catholic than Georges Bernanos, would have been on the side of the author whose "Lettre aux Anglais," published more than a year ago, has remained unknown to the English reading world.

The present volume offers a selection from Péguy's prose writings and poetry. The introduction by Julian Green is gracious and well written, yet it remains on the surface and avoids the essential issues of Péguy's life and work. The translation on the whole is very good, especially in the poetical part. To most readers it will be highly welcome that the French original faces the English translation. The selection is on the whole well done. There are some truly great pages on the Jews and the Jewish problem in Péguy. He has perhaps loved the Jews with a deeper understanding than any other Frenchman. His most enthusiastic friendship was for the man who in many ways was similar to him, whom he always called "le grand Bernard Lazare," and to whom he erected a lasting monument in "Notre Jeunesse." But for the present generation he is most important in his deep republicanism, in his faithfulness to what he called "la mystique républicaine."



> To forget and disregard does not wipe out the fact that it did exist. Men have died for liberty. Today these elections seem a grotesque formality, faked on all sides. But men have lived, men without number, heroes, martyrs, and I might say saints, that the greatest of imbeciles today might have the right to accomplish this faked formality. It was a terrible childbirth.
>
> And around us entire peoples travail in the same painful childbirth, to obtain this formality. It has been prepared by a century of the most authentic heroism. Everything begins with mysticism and ends in politics. The essential is that mysticism be not devoured by the politics to which it gave birth. Republican mysticism meant dying for the Republic; republican politics at present mean living on it.

Even more important for the present generation are Péguy's words on war, on the serious business of war. As if addressed to Pétain and the *bien-pensants* around him, Péguy wrote:

> In war times, he who does not surrender is a man after my own heart, no matter who he is, no matter whence he comes, no matter what his party. He does not surrender, that is all that is asked of him. And he who surrenders is my enemy, and I hate him all the more, if, through the play of political parties, he can claim kinship with myself.

It was the synthesis of Republican and Christian, of socialist and soldier in Péguy which made him proclaim that the Declaration of the Rights of Man was precisely introduced into the world to explain that right passes before everything and consequently before peace. That was the faith linking Tom Paine and the Marseillaise, 1776 and 1789. Péguy had a deep foreboding of the universal crisis. "We are the last. Almost beyond the last. Immediately after us begins another age, a quite different world, the world of those who no longer believe in anything; those for whom this is the source of pride and glory." But he did not falter. "All of us stand on the breach today. We are all stationed at the frontier. The frontier is everywhere." He was its faithful and truthful guardian. This beautifully printed book will make many Americans wish to explore further the world of Charles Péguy in whom there lived much of the eternal France and the eternal Europe in the turmoil of our time.

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What Has Happened to the Prose-Poem?

PAUL ROSENFELD

BY the name "Poem in Prose" we designate a short literary composition too lightly rhythmical to be called verse, too distinctly rhythmical to be called prose, which "concentrating the far-reaching powers of the language on one point, astonishes the mind with a new aspect of truth." The last English essay on this vivid species of literature appeared as long ago as World War I, in *The Statesman*. It was by a young poet who was "doing some hard thinking about critical principles and definitions," T. S. Eliot. The article was entitled "The Borderline of Prose": its occasion was the publication of a handful of feeble prose-poetry by the young Richard Aldington. Eliot the distinguished, the international success, never has reprinted this withering article; nor would we refer to it but for a valid reason.

This is the disesteem into which the poem in prose has fallen among us in the last quarter-century: in particular those specimens of it which distinctly are intermediary between verse and fine prose. Were our critics and men of letters to be asked their opinion of the genre, once recovered from their surprise they probably would think of it as something antiquated, bric-a-brackish, monstrous even: verse in disguise, miscarried prose, a bastard, an hermaphrodite, at best a very minor issue. Hence our reference to Eliot's essay of 1917. It is the classic expression of the current scorn: for all we know, its origin —since Eliot is the Addison, the little law-giver of our literary day.

The article began with a satiric association of the prose-poem not only with the esthetic vagaries of the '90s but with all attempts to achieve the effects of one art in the medium of another. It continued with a reference to the unfortunately-named "Pastels in Prose," the volume of Stuart Merrill's translations of specimens of the French prose-poem—by Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Huysmans, and lessor authors—which was published in 1890 with a vapid introduction by W. D. Howells. Aciduously the critic stated that time has removed the bloom from most of its exhibits. Many plainly were artistic frauds. Time also had removed the interest of Mallarmé's "Divigations," the volume of essays in which the symbolist poet affirmed the legitimacy of the prose-poem by denying the existence of a definite borderline between fine prose and verse. Turning now to Aldington's pieces, Eliot dwelt on their unhappy mixture of "poetic" and "prosaic" style, their traces of rudimentary

T. S. Eliot

versification. Suavely thence he arrived at the conclusion that a satisfactory fusion of verse and prose is impossible. Verse and prose essentially were different, entirely discrete in point of rhythm. Poetic prose and the prose-poem thus were acceptable only where their rhythms perceptibly remained prosaic. For example: Rimbaud's "Les Illuminations."

IT would be folly on our part to seek to oppose this opinion and its sequels by insisting that the genre of the prose-poem is a major one. The truth is, the deepest feelings infrequently have found expression in it. The genre is young. Critics may have discovered prose-poems in the writings of Sir Thomas Browne, Montesquieu, even Rabelais. The conscious exploitation of the medium of the poem in prose, the very notion of the thing nevertheless are little over a hundred years old; and, in the life of literature, a century is a school-child's age. . . . It was exactly in 1842 that the medium received its name at the august hands of Sainte-Beuve. Two new and anomalous pieces of work, by lately deceased young poets, caused the christening. One of these pieces was the Hellenizing "Centaur" of Maurice de Guérin. The other was the ghostly-romantic "Gaspard de la Nuit," by Aloysius Bertrand—an opuscule known to members of the present musical public as the inspiration of Ravel's similarly-named piano-suite. Contemporaneously, up in Denmark, another young writer, H. C. Andersen, had produced another specimen of the new kind in his lyrical "Picturebook without Pictures"; but this fact was unknown in Paris.

That De Guérin at any time was aware he was advancing a new literary type, remains uncertain; even though he had been working in its medium onwards from his twelfth year—in an impulse probably born of the novel musical effects in Chateaubriand's rhythmic translations of Amerindian chants. Bertrand, however, clearly was aware that he was composing in "a new prose genre." Stimulated by the strange effects in prose translations from the German lyrists, he sought to extend them in historical vignettes, and significantly wished that his small pieces be set up in the manner of poems. Then in 1857 —influenced by Bertrand, by the "impassioned prose" of De Quincey, also by passages in Poe—Baudelaire began his experiments in the new medium. Adopting Sainte-Beuve's nomenclature, he called them "little poems in prose," and handed the mould on to his disciples Rimbaud, Mallarmé, Huysmans, and Verlaine. Across the channel, James Thomson in the '80s evolved prose-poems from the oratorical prototype in De Quincey. There in the '90s another Baudelaire-disciple, Oscar Wilde, composed the little pasticcios of Biblical style which unfortunately still typify the poem in prose to countless English-readers.

But of the worth of the little species, there should be no doubt. During its brief career it has come to include concentrated pictures which, rejoicing the expectant imagination, must be ranked among the masterpieces of word-painting: Huysmans's famous apostrophe to the bloater, for instance; certain of Mallarmé's exquisite evocations of intimate moods; some of the exalted, sinister, staring entries in Rilke's "Journal of My Inner Self." Places in the front ranks of literature must be accorded to at least three groups of other specimens. The first of them are de Guérin's prose-poems, "The Centaur" and "The Bacchante." With verbal equivalents of the grave gestures and penetrating melancholy of certain Attic bas-reliefs, they represented lofty feelings of the poetic destiny. "The Centaur" gives expression to the feeling of the inevitable defeat of the poet's yearn-

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ing for the joy and the certitude of the gods; his stoical submission to the law which bids him find his joy in resignation and selflessness. The equally bronze-like "Bacchante" expresses a dawning sense of the identity of the purified poetic force and the divine essence.

The second of these classic groups of prose-poems is constituted by Baudelaire's. Here one finds subtlest fusions of imagery and music, of beauty and horror, enthusiasm and disgust, sarcasm and mysticism; and extraordinary condensations of psychological insight. Mordantly, with faultless plasticity, they convey feelings of modern civilization; particularly the feeling of its "spleen"—that infectiousness with a despondency bordering on disgust of life. . . . The third group is Rimbaud's "Illuminations." Numbers of these prose poems by the bright young Lucifer embody hallucinatory visions. Cryptic to various degrees, they are irrational babblements; reports of dazzled experiences of the unknown, the future, the ultimate. But Rimbaud delivered himself of his visions with severe art and clarion-like sonorities. Many of "Les Illuminations" remain marvels of rhythmic beat and imagery.

Respectfully, therefore, we begin our defense by pointing to the truth that, while Eliot's unsympathetic essay may have been a faithful expression of certain realities in its day, these realities no longer exist. If in 1917 it may indeed have seemed that time had removed the bloom from most of the originals of Merrill's "Pastels in Prose," now, in the midst of another world war it looks as if time had put it back again. During the last twenty-five years there have been several new editions of the path-breaking "Gaspard de la Nuit," from which the Parisian-American poet extracted several of his exhibits; a new edition of "Le Drageoir aux Epices," the volume by Huysmans from which he extracted another, more brilliant one; and several fresh editions of Baudelaire's "Little Poems in Prose." Other older prose-poems also have reappeared: among them are "The Centaur," "Picturebook without Pictures," Turgeniev's volume of slightly sententious but frequently charming "Poems in Prose," and those treats of the spoon-fed cultured in the 1900s, "Mimes" and "Le Livre de Monelle," by Marcel Schwob. What even more persuasively attests the little kind's enduring attractiveness and eminence is the renaissance it has had in this last quarter-century. Almost simultaneously with Eliot's essay, Max Jacob in France published a volume of elfish prose-poems "Le Cornet à Dés": it was followed by other new units of Leon-Paul Fargue, Pierre Reverdy, Edmond Jaloux, and other distinguished men of letters. Under the influence of Rimbaud and the illegible Lautréamont, the prose-poem became almost the favorite form of the surrealist poets. It has also reappeared in English: in the specimens in "Leda," by Aldous Huxley; in "Kora in Hell," by W. C. Williams; in "The House of Incest," by Anais Nin. There are prose-poems by Gertrude Stein. There are prose-poems by Sherwood Anderson. The last instances are the contents of "Several Have Lived," a decorative booklet by Hugh Chisholm. They are distinguished by a vein of humor in their imagery, rhythm, and phraseology, and further attest the form's persisting magnetism.

As for Eliot's ultimate reason for deprecating those specimens of the prose-poem which are clearly intermediary between verse and prose: now as then it bases itself on what is merely a personal opinion. The problem of the exact nature of the relation between verse and prose remains incapable of solution. It remains a topic for the debate of academies—at whose sessions, Baudelaire slyly warns us, Satan invariably assists. All opinions are equally good: Mallarmé's, for instance, that the difference between fine prose and verse is merely one of degree, not of kind, since "wherever there is an effort of style, there is versification." But two years after the appearance of "The Borderline of Prose," the *Mercure de France* published an authoritative essay, in support of Mallarmé's "antiquated" sponsorial theory, by the forerunner of Joyce, Eduard Dujardin. He claimed that verse and prose both are founded on speech-rhythms; that the difference between them flows from the circumstance that the first creates a greater expectancy of rhythm, since its rhythms are marked, predetermined, confined; the latter a low, almost imperceptible expectancy

To the People of France

By Stephen Vincent Benét

IT is not you that we fight. Our own dead lie in your earth,
The boys called Buck and Shorty, from the plains and the city-street.
You know how they looked and talked. You know what the blood was worth.
You know how they went ahead through the machine-gunned wheat.

The record is there and written, from the Aisne to the Argonne,
In the slope of the river-lands, in the cold stones set on the hill,
Where your men and our men fought, and knew anguish, and yet went on.
It cannot be blotted out. It is not forgotten, still.

It was one cause then for us both. It is the same cause today,
The old cause and the new since first our freedom began,
The cause so stubbornly fought from Yorktown to Seicheprey,
The cause of the Marseillais, the cause of the rights of man.

People of France, great France, people of the good wine,
The lovely land, the clear thought, the bells of God on the wind,
The France that rang like a sword, the France that grew like a vine,
The France whose cities are books, the France that was Europe's mind.

We have forgotten nothing, from the aid that Louis gave
To the look of the Seine at evening when the blue twilights fall.
We know no France defeated. We know no France of the slave.
We know the France of the great. It is on that France that we call.

It is not you that we fight but the little and crawling clan
Who sold their souls to a tyrant and their country for twenty *sous*,
The white-tied rat of the Chamber and the sad, old, senile man,
And you know them as well as we, and we know them as well as you.

It is you that we call upon, for our dead lie deep in your dust,
People of France, great France, and them we shall not betray.
We know how they died and when. We know that this cause is just.
And we greet you as comrades still though the guns speak for us today.

We are not foes for this war. To the end we shall not be foes.
When the despot's chain is broken and his shackles rent in twain,
We shall stand by your side in friendship, as your men stood by those,
And France, great France, and her children shall rise and flourish again!

This poem was one among several found in the pocket of Stephen Vincent Benét's coat after his death. It was one of the latest he had written.—Ed.

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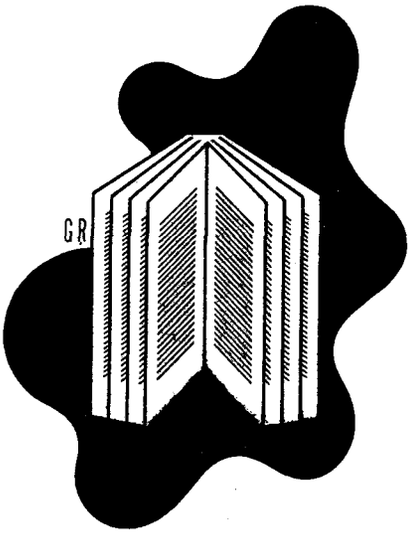
of it. Between verse and prose he distinguished three intermediary forms, distinguished among themselves by the descending degree in which respectively they excite this expectation. They are 1) free verse, 2) the Biblical versicle-form—with which we roughly associate Blake and "Also Sprach Zarathustra," and 3) the poem in prose.

Yet, even if Eliot should be right; even if, as Arthur Symons claimed before him, prose and verse essentially differ from each other as "something said" and "something sung," there is no valid reason for supposing attempts to fuse them either disorderly or destined to fail. Musical art has invented a form fusing "something sung" with "something said": it is the recitative, perfected by Gluck and made the vocal vehicle of an entire music-drama by Debussy. Nothing would seem to render literature incapable of a similar invention. What alone we would have the right to demand of the form would be its production of a music hitherto latent in the language. That the prose-poem is this form, the recitative of literature, seems almost certain. The musical recitative is the medium *par excellence* of incipient, nervous, half-lyrical feelings, too hesitant for the fully-singing style. So too is the poem in prose. Doubtless it has other functions than the expression of feelings which rebel against the impersonality of verse, the serenity of mood which verse imposes: say the utilization of burlesque or trivial details unadjustable to verse. Still its nervous expressiveness remains its main justification: this, and the amount of music, hitherto latent in the language, which it has produced in functioning.



The Dark Night of the Soul

FOUR QUARTETS. By T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 38 pp. $2.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

WHEN Mr. Eliot published "The Wasteland" in 1922, a number of those readers who were interested rather than merely startled turned to a small volume of essays entitled "The Sacred Wood," brought out by the same author in 1920. In this remarkable and, at the time, little known volume they found at least a partial understanding of what Mr. Eliot was up to. They learned that he believed English poetry to be suffering, like the world in which it had to make its way, in a welter of chaos and confusion. "The only way," he said, "of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an 'objective correlative'; in other words a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that particular emotion." Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality but an escape from personality.

In the twenty-one years since "The Wasteland" appeared T. S. Eliot has been working very seriously and very soberly in the state of mind which those didactic pronouncements of 1920 suggest. He has, as he says in one of the four "Quartets" of the present volume, worked diligently at his art:

So here I am, in the middle way, having had twenty years—
Twenty years largely wasted, the years of *l'entre deux guerres*—
Trying to learn to use words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure
Because one has only learned to get the better of words
For the thing one no longer has to say, or the way in which
One is no longer disposed to say it.

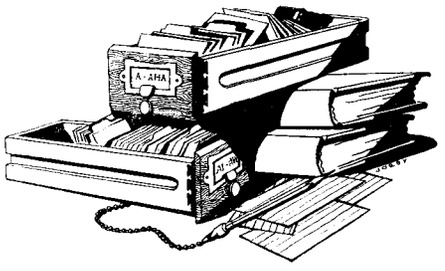
These Four Quartets are each of five movements and the homologous movements of each are relatively similar. They show a change from the early Eliot in that the poet has decided that the connectives are important, the "connectives," that is, "between passages of greater and lesser intensity." Those very elements of a poem which were missing in "The Wasteland," Eliot now appears to believe are, in the manner of their handling, an index of the poet's greatness. Yet the Four Quartets, in general purpose, do not seem to differ so greatly from the earlier work. They, too, reflect the chaos and infertility of the living world. They, too, show the poet struggling in his escape from emotion, the obvious, into

. . . . . the unattended
Movement, the movement in and out of time,
The distraction fit, lost in a shaft of sunlight,
The wild thyme unseen, or the winter lightning
Or the waterfall, or music heard so deeply
That it is not heard at all . .

What four instruments blend to make up these quartets, Mr. Eliot does not directly indicate. They are not human voices so much as overtones left vibrating in the air of the mind by throats that have been divested of their flesh. That Mr. Eliot uses them to escape from the personality, from the world, with which he cannot be reconciled, gives them a nostalgic mournfulness which is effective even if disturbing. These poems, which make a grave intellectual music, are worth the study which true familiarity with them requires. They have not, like "The Wasteland," a full set of notes to accompany them and, while much of their meaning is only relative to the difference or likeness between Mr. Eliot and his readers, there is much which anyone may come upon without too great surprise.

Anyone who is scornful of poetry which is not objective or representational and cannot follow Mr. Eliot into the dark night will perhaps be inclined to take from this volume a certain suspicion of the chrysalis which the author's imago in its flight has left lying on the table. It suggests, somehow, a man not unlike Henry James, who in his distaste for the ordinary has actually succeeded in breaking himself of the vulgar habit of breathing and, having thereby lost his life, has like a ghost tried unsuccessfully to attach himself once more to an earth that will not claim him for its own.

Such a characterization, however justified it may be in fact, would be a great injustice to Mr. Eliot who, with this volume, confirms his stature as an artist. So great is his mastery of the idiom and structure of poetry that, if only he had a little less dislike of the impure, the imperfect, and the human, he might be not only a great artist but a great poet and prophet as well.



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Five Poets

THE DARK RAIN FALLING. By Gilbert Maxwell. New York: James A. Decker. 1943. 78 *pp.* $2.

NORTH WINDOW. By Hortense Flexner. New York: Coward-McCann. 1943. 78 *pp.* $2.

UNWEAVE A RAINBOW. By Amanda Benjamin Hall. New York: James A. Decker. 1943. 51 *pp.* $2.

TIME IS OUR HOUSE. By Louise McNeill. New York: Middlebury College Press. 1943. 56 *pp.* $1.25.

ARENAS. By Tom Boggs. New York: Coward-McCann. 1942. 56 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

GILBERT MAXWELL'S "The Dark Rain Falling" is his third book of poems. Mr. Maxwell is a young man of considerable talent and exceptional technical ability. There is an expertness of touch, a vividness of phrase, and polish of manner which stamp these poems as the product of someone who is very well acquainted with the tools of his profession. Ironically enough, this very skill, coupled with another characteristic, makes this reviewer suspect a fundamental uncertainty, a distrust or lack of confidence in himself which Mr. Maxwell has tried very hard to disguise. The other characteristic of which I speak is the fact that he has been led by his obvious admiration for the work of one of America's most distinguished poets to model his expression very closely on her idiom and manner. The result is that, even though he has in some instances wrought so well that his poems, if unsigned, might be taken for her own, they cannot fail but impress the reader for what they are—extremely good copies. This is very unfortunate for Mr. Maxwell's reputation as a poet. It is just as if a girl who was very pretty in her own right set out to make herself a duplicate of her favorite movie star. However well she succeeded, the original would still be first in her audience's mind. I quote for example:

CONFERENCE IN BERLIN
Justice, begone! Who said in so distrait
a parliament as this you could survive,
here where dissenters haggle out the day
carping and quibbling, where but half alive
you sit accused, convicted from the start
by willful prejudice, who was it held
a brief for leniency? Who still had heart
to speak of hope, already flogged and felled?
Importunate defender, get you gone,
sneak past the guard lest shortly he eject
you bodily; here violence alone
is master. See, he has the whole respect
of you, subjected aide, who at the door
stand unctuously, as mercy stood before.

I hope Mr. Maxwell will realize what a handicap he puts upon himself and his poetry. Enough of his own spirit and mind glimmer through the book to show the reader what he can do if he will trust his own talent sufficiently to forsake his model.

Hortense Flexner, on the other hand, speaks definitely for herself and in her own way. Her book, "North Window," is the product of an adult and very individual talent. Her approach is realistic, scientific; and like all good scientists her scrutiny is illuminated by a far-reaching quality of imagination. She has, as well, that *grande pitié,* a compassion and tender regard for all life—for the insect climbing a stalk of grass who knows

. . . a fear to press
His vitals, measured to the hair,
Agony that shall fill him like a cup,
As much as he can bear,
Pain, fitted to his size.

and for man, burdened with

the desperate sorrow now so shared of all.

But mingled with the compassion is a profound pessimism. Miss Flexner is disillusioned, argumentative, full of protest. She inquires

Is it not possible that our million of years
Are as a bad morning
In the workshop of God?

If perhaps her poetry is too much preoccupied with bitter inquiry and unresolved speculation, it is always interesting, always provocative. If she offers, so far as I can see, no solution to the problems of man's habitation of this planet, it is because she has formulated none for herself, and she will not sidestep an issue or accept a premise which she has not thought through herself. The cold light which falls through her North Window is not comforting or flattering, but it leaves no corners in ambiguous shadow.

Amanda Benjamin Hall's "Unweave a Rainbow" is full of the flavor of New England; not of the Robert Frost tradition but more of Emily Dickinson's Amherst. There is a grave dignity and a gentle orderliness about these poems, a felicitous and unaffected imagery. She speaks of a New England Sabbath where

The ladies pass in sinless gloves,
The men accompany their canes
Along the highways and the lanes
And peace broods like the belfry doves.

She remarks that

"Early" is that bargain time
For beauty, when the wet trees bracket
A silver world. It is the great
Pearl fair and diamond market

* * *

"Early" calls before we need
Report to care or tasks diurnal,
When earth is breakfast for the heart,
Summer an illumined journal.

She is at her best in such simple, delicate poems, and also in those where a tinge of irony sharpens her wit. When she attempts a harder, more polished sophistication as in "The Sweet Abomination," a rather strained and artificial sonnet, the results are not so happy. But when she writes from the depth and clarity of her poetic perception, she writes with sensitive and lucid charm.

"Time is Our House," by Louise McNeill, is a collection of quiet, unpretentious poems. They do not attempt to be profound; they turn back to the "simple things, yet holy" to speak of one woman's faith and experience. They do not, on the whole, maintain the eloquence and power of

Eve's Song

By Nathaniel Burt

WHEN I lived in Paradise,
Much I took of sorrow.
All a day I shed tears,
They were gone the morrow.
Now I live without the gates
I've no time for sadness
But hold my tears both night and day,
Only weep for gladness.

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their occasional highspots. The effect of the book altogether is of a little too much gentleness, of recollected tranquillity rather than emotion, of assurances which seem a bit too conventionally comforting. This is not to say that Miss McNeill is not aware of the agony and tumult of the world—many of the poems are concerned with just that; it is simply that everything seems muted and said with a sort of careful competence. While she has more than the usual technical skill, she lacks the power to take her readers by the hair. It is hard to define just what has been left out of the poems which keeps them from being memorable, but I think it is a quality of communicated passion. They are unmistakably sincere and deeply felt, but they do not, somehow, move the reader.

Tom Boggs's book, "Arenas," has a curious quality of inflation. Here is a man of undoubted lyric talent, of enormous assurance, and little discrimination. There is, in these brief poems, a sort of Elizabethan naiveté, sometimes a turn of phrase which in its spontaneity is rather like Blake's "Songs of Innocence." But Mr. Boggs lacks that quality of, shall we say, humility with which truly great poets regard their relation to their work. The book is marred by his self-conscious smartness, by a kind of strained fantasy, by regrettable lapses of taste, as in

SUNSET HILL
The sun is low gold on the west
The moon is a glow on the right,
Below move the cars through the valley like beetles
With eyes exceptionally bright.
The river curves, grey peace,
The hills stand, green design.
All one needs for the scene to be heaven made handy
Is a girl seventeen and a bottle of brandy,
With the leaves as they are and the moon to stand
Just so, with the sun on the other hand.

These poems are a strange mixture of sensitivity and crassness, of natural poetic ability and self-confident carelessness, of real emotion and cheap flippancy. Mr. Boggs is an editor and critic of ability; I wonder why he does not turn his scrutiny upon himself.

Mining Minstrelry

COAL DUST ON THE FIDDLE. Songs and Stories of the Bituminous Industry. By George Korson. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1943. 460 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

THE bituminous coal industry reckons its life in America from the year 1840, and between that year and 1880 the mining population was made up exclusively of native miners, Negro slaves, and immigrant miners from the British Isles, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales. These miners brought with them an accumulated wealth of mining techniques which dominate the industry to this day. They brought also their even richer accumulation of mining minstrelry, and in that forty years they laid the basis for an accepted minefolk culture, so that today the Italians and the Slavs, whose later immigrant waves peopled the mines, sing the Welsh and Irish mining ballads as to the accent born. In 1940 George Korson, travelling across the mine fields from Pennsylvania to Alabama to Illinois, heard those same songs being sung in the mining halls, the old mournful ballads of the British miner in his cups or doldrums, as well as some new ones studded with the names of Franklin D. Roosevelt and John L. Lewis, in 1940 the twin angels of the union miner.

Their songs and stories reflect every possible facet of mining life, so that in them and in the occasional interpolated prose sections we get a fine blend of history and legend, both equally important in the whole picture. The miner has lived under a strict paternalistic company tyranny. (He got a pass to go to church, and another pass to take a walk down along the river.) He was and is superstitious. (Ears are pierced to prevent weak eyes.) He reads escapist literature. (Jesse James and Old King Brady.) He is sentimental ("The Miner's Prayer," "Be Kind Te Me Dowter"), bitter ("The Company Store," "I'm a Celebrated Bum"), gay ("A Miner's Life For Me," "A Union Label Baby"), fervent ("Get in the Union, Jesus a-Listenin' "). He remembers every coal disaster ("The Diamond Shaft Flood," "The Monongah Disaster"), and records a steady and inflexible fight to better his conditions ("My Father's Union and Mine," "We Shall Not Be Moved," "Stand Out, Ye Miners"). All of his heroes are sung in deathless rhyme, and his legends and his favorite jokes. There is a little of the actual music reproduced here, enough to indicate its bardic origin in the English folk tune, the simple melodic line, and the monotonous refrain. The predominant note is melancholy; even the humor is somehow grim, rooted in the expectation of sudden endings or lingering hopelessness. The book is in many ways a rarely intimate portrait of the miner painted in his own words and accented with the colors he would himself choose to fill in—as well as a valuable document.

Swift Images

HERE AND NOW. By Ettore Rella. Privately published by the author in Florida. 1942. 20 *pp.* $.75.

Reviewed by Kenneth Fearing

READING these poems is much like watching the vivid, limitless, and minutely exact changes of a kaleidoscope. Sooner or later, they project a swift image of everything that has ever happened to you, or will happen. And, like a kaleidoscope, it is not always easy to trace the connection between the images. But they are always deft, and often startling.

Rella (a sergeant in the Army Medical Corps) writes from the dead center of a storm, with the depression years behind him and the war years ahead:

Real thing for me up to now was
everything standing still: each one of my days
a trap I could see but all I could do was
walk in and get caught . . .

I've come a long way:
where before was a small room and dead quiet,
now it's like inside a seashell
where the roar of what's gone and what's now and what's coming
hits me hard as liquor.

Concerned with the immediate thing, and as his title suggests while it is actually happening, Rella dramatizes it forcefully and almost violently against the equally real background of intellectual truisms, the abstractions of philosophy, religion, social tradition.

Okay, so you feel strange:
like your nervous system was dark hallways
and the tall past was bumping its way out here to the street—
but you haven't got a corner on the past:
the past is at the skin-edge of all these bodies, propelling 'em forward—
go ahead and arrest the movement:
midnight, June tenth, nineteen forty-two, in front of your doorway:
fifty years from now, your statement, even if it's art,
will be as dull as last week's communique from the Italian command . . .
As if you had to write it in these inadequate configurations which used to be pictures—
anytime, time writes itself.

It is poetry in the grimmest vein imaginable, and it is clear that Rella means every word he says. But it has a hard vigor that gives it, in its final overtone, a sense of profound confidence and good health.

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POETRY AND LIBERTY

"THE longing for freedom," William Dean Howells once wrote, "is the instinct for self-preservation in literature." Howells had been studying Italian poetry during the hundred years ending in 1870, and was impressed and thrilled to observe how effectively the genius of Alfieri, Manzoni, Leopardi, and Giusti had been poured into the political awakening of the Italian people.

This conception of the poet as a major figure in the fight for freedom is not peculiar to Howells or to the period of which he wrote. The story of liberty is also the story of the world's great poetry. It would be difficult to name an age or a land that has seen the struggle for the rights of man that has not also seen a poetry that took its part in the struggle or indeed preceded it. Not always was the cause or the objective of the fight the same; religious liberty, personal liberty, national liberty, political liberty alternately or simultaneously became the central issue or issues. Liberty of the individual, and national liberty, were naturally quite differently regarded in different epochs. The thought of man's mortality oppressed men more in the old days. The fear of God was most certainly greater, in the more superstitious sense. At such times, tyrannical rulers met, possibly, with more humble acceptance. There was little education, and that for the fortunate few, in early times. The counsel and reproof of the Church then seemed ominiscient and omnipotent. For service in that struggle, the world owes a debt today to its Miltons to no less an extent than to its Erasmuses. Milton was sanity and alertness in an age still drowsy with the long sleep of the Middle Ages—an age that had hardly come out of the intellectual eye-rubbing stage.

The different phases of the fight for liberty in which humanity's poets were enlisted did not mean that they took a compartmentalized view of freedom. They fought against the threat wherever it showed itself, and the threats were many and varied.

In the world today there are fanatical "new forcers of conscience" that John Milton would have recognized. Forms of totalitarianism have exhibited, not to say exaggerated, some of the worst features of his "widowed whore Plurality." Certainly, no one today could more trenchantly have presented the perfidy of a Hitler, in calling attention (as he was actually doing) to the duplicity of Napoleon, than Walter Savage Landor, when he wrote "A Foreign Ruler." Wordsworth's sonnet, composed in 1806, after the defeat of Prussia in the battle of Jena (when, strangely enough, Prussia was cast in the role of standing against the tyrant, Napoleon)—that sonnet, beginning "Another year!—another deadly blow!" might, several years ago, have been applied to an England standing alone, where, as we know, the "Wise, upright, valiant" did prevail, and "not a servile band." (Consider also his sonnets on the Spanish guerillas and on Russia!) As for Germany, its mental and moral deterioration strikes to the heart when one looks upon the exalted pictured face of the young Schiller, hearing him speak in his "William Tell":

> Those rights which hang above, inalienable
> And indestructible as are the stars.

Turn thence to the visages of Fox, Ox, and Ape; those leaders of modern Germany who have made the world a slaughter-house and a prison-pen.

Much of the poetry of liberty is perhaps not great in the sense that it is distinguished by technical excellence. Much of it, in fact, is more impassioned than perfect, more eloquent than elegant; but all of it has the authentic ring of humanity, the burning desire to be not only inspiring but persuasive. For there can be no higher function for a poet or writer than usefulness. We can be amused, we can be entertained, we can be lifted into other worlds and new emotions; but we must also be inspired, provoked, warned.

The usefulness of poetry has never been more apparent than it is today. In the midst of a great war, for example, leaders of both America and Great Britain have turned to it, not as a matter of literary decoration, but because it puts across a message that can be put across in no other way. Incidentally, for a statement of the kind of world we are fighting for, we doubt whether anything in prose can match this passage from "Gitanjali," by Rabindranath Tagore:

> Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;
>
> Where knowledge is free;
>
> Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;
>
> Where words come out from the depth of truth;
>
> Where tireless striving stretches its arms toward perfection;
>
> Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;
>
> Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—
>
> Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

W. R. B.

Under Maple Boughs

By Charles Malam

BOARD the well and stone it down;
Snap a padlock on the shed;
Bar the stables and the stalls,
Nail the windows in the walls.
Now the farm is dead.

Here are fields where no one plows
By a road that all forget.
Here are rooms where shadows drowse
Under aging maple boughs.
Here is life to let.

Some will say they moved to town.
Some will say it was the war.
Let the maples hold the truth:
Here there was an end of youth,
Nothing more.

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Lettre Ouverte aux Americains

SIR:—Je suis Français. C'est à ce titre que je me permets de vous adresser la lettre incluse, lettre ouverte à l'Amérique et aux Américains. Ne recherchant aucune publicité, je vous prie instamment de me conserver l'anonymat si vous croyez devoir la publier. Dans l'affirmative, je vous en serai infiniment reconnaissant et je tiens à vous en exprimer ma gratitude à l'avance.

N'étant arrivé aux États Unis que depuis peu, je n'ai eu l'occasion de lire vôtre revue que récemment. J'ai été frappé de sa tenue et par l'intérêt que vous portez aux questions "continentales." C'est pourquoi j'espère que vous jugerez, comme moi, que les sentiments qui m'animent, en temps que réfugié français aux Etats Unis, méritent peut-être d'etre exposés au public Américain.

Il me semble que les Français, plus encore que les autres réfugiés aux États Unis, que évitent ainsi les affres de la domination Nazie sur une Europe baillonnée et asservie, tous ces Français ne peuvent qu'exprimer leur reconnaissance a l'Amérique et aux Américains.

Sans plus.

"How do you like America?" demandent tous les Américains aux réfugiés qu'ils ont la bonté d'accueillir.

Nous, Réfugiés Français, ne saurons jamais assez dire combien nous aimons l'Amérique, c'est à dire les Etats Unis, qui sont à eux seuls un monde. Et un monde nouveau, dont nous avons beaucoup à apprendre.

Dans l'atroce malheur que s'est abattu sur la France et les Français, l'amitié des États Unis nous reste. Et c'est un bien infiniment précieux, dont tous mes compatriotes, même ceux qui sont dans ce pays, n'ont pas toujours l'air d'apprécier toute l'immense valeur.

Oui, nous aimons l'Amérique, car nous y retrouvons la Liberté. Il est merveilleux que les États Unis en guerre, qui font l'effort le plus gigantesque de tous les temps, se soucient encore d'ouvrir toutes grandes leurs portes à ses amis qui, par l'horrible jeu de la guerre, se trouvent dans le camp adverse. Il est merveilleux, je le répète, que les États Unis en guerre nous laissent venir sur leur territoire, et qu'aussitôt arrivés, on nous y fasse confiance absolue et que l'on nous y laisse absolument libres. Libres d'y vivre à notre guise. Libres de dire et d'écrire ce que nous pensons. Libres de nous déplacer à notre convenance. Nous, Français, qui sommes nés et qui avons grandi dans la liberté, nous n'en avons bien compris toute sa valeur que du jour ou nous l'avons perdue. Le jour fatal oú les Nazis sont venus commander en maîtres, et quels maîtres! ce jour là, nous avons compris trop tard que la Liberté etait notre élément comme l'air que nous respirons. Privés de liberté, nous étouffions. Malheureusement quand nous l'avons compris, il etait déjà trop tard.

Oui, nous aimons l'Amérique, grande et généreuse, qui a fait tout ce qu'elle a pu pour nous aider alors que nous étions encore en France, et qui nous dit maintenant: "Vous avez eu faim.—Mangez.—Vous avez eu froid.—Chauffez vous.—Vous suffoquiez.—Respirez librement. Oubliez vos angoisses passées. Pensons ensemble aux graves soucis d'aujourd'hui et de demain. Aidez nous a gagner la guerre, qui est la vôtre, qui est la nôtre, car c'est la Guerre pour la liberté du monde."

Oui, et nous aimons aussi l'Amérique parce qu'elle aime la France. J'ai trouvé dans ce pays, ou je suis depuis peu, une affection, une tendresse pour la France qui ne peuvent qu'émouvoir, jusque dans le plus profond de son être, tout Français de coeur.

J'ai rencontré des Américains appartenant aux classes sociales les plus hautes comme les plus modestes. Tous m'ont parlé de mon pays comme ils m'auraient parlé d'un parent aimé dans l'infortune, avec un intérêt et un tact touchants. Ainsi, cet ouvrier, né et élevé à Brooklyn, qui me demandait de lui expliquer comment était la vie en France, le travail, les loisirs, les conditions de l'existence. Et ce garçon écoutait avec une attention passionnée tout ce que je lui expliquais péniblement, dans mon mauvais anglais (broken English). Je dois dire, à ma grande honte, que cet ouvrier qui n'avait jamais fréquenté que l'école primaire, connaissait plus de faits sur l'histoire et sur les grands hommes de mon pays que je n'en connaissais sur le sien.

Si ma voix est entendue, je voudrais que tous les Américains, à commencer par M. le Président Roosevelt, qui me parait cristalliser tout le noble idéal américain, par chacun de ses faits et gestes, sachent combien les Français sont profondément et sincèrement sensibles à tout ce qu'ils retrouvent ici et qui leur rappelle les plus pures aspirations de leur patrie envahie.

Certains de mes compatriotes ont tendance à abuser de l'hospitalité américaine, en établissant une comparaison entre la façon de vivres des Américains? La vie, disent-ils, était plus aimable et plus façile en France. Oui, elle était. Mais qu'est la vie aujourd'hui, en France? est-elle aimable et facile?—Répondez, tous les Français qui êtes actuellement aux États Unis, qui tous tremblez pour tous ceux restés là-bas. Où seriez-vous, si vous étiez restés aussi en France. Auriez-vous la vie aimable et facile?

Au demeurant, l'ouvrier français (je parle d'avant la guerre, car maintenant....) l'ouvrier français avait-il une vie plus agréable que son camarade américain? Je crois bien que non.

Evidemment, la plupart des bourgeois français réfugiés aux États Unis sont obliger de laver eux-mêmes leurs assiettes. Ils ne le faisaient pas en France, ils avaient des domestiques pour ces humbles besognes. Mais, même en France, et sans domestiques ils n'auraient pas aujourd'hui à laver leurs assiettes. Pour la bonne raison qu'ils n'auraient malheureusement rien à mettre dedans.

A tout cela, une seule conclusion s'impose. C'est que tous les Français, à qui l'on demande:

"How do you like America?"

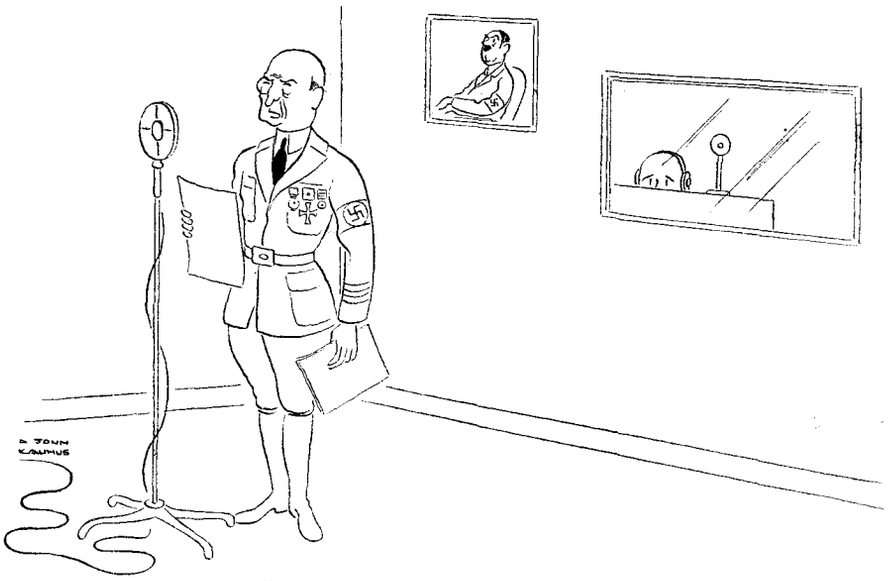
Tous les Français répondront, avec moi:

"Nous aimons profondément l'Amérique. Nous n'avons qu'un mot à lui dire, un seul et toujours même mot:

MERCI."

UN FRANÇAIS.

New York, N. Y.



"The views expressed on this program are not necessarily those of the Ministry of Propaganda and Information, but, if they are, I'll be back tomorrow at the same time."

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The Great and Marching Words

CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

THESE are the great words marching with high proud steps
Over the valleys of effort, pain, and war:
Liberty, Democracy, Sacrifice,
Freedom to worship God, Freedom to speak,
Freedom to seek the heights.
These are huge words
Dwarfing our selves to littleness, our lives
Condensed from the single love into the collective
Passion of nationhood.
These are lofty words
That are to the eye of the grounded man like planes
Tilting against imponderable heaven,
Swift atoms against the blue of the day's far
And unapproachable robe, too high,
No ceiling to valor.
Yet in the end,
You must bring Freedom in to your hearth to burn
Like a cut hickory log, you must put on
Democracy like a patched and friendly coat,
You must bring Sacrifice down to street-level
And sweep with it, like a cloud-broom made usual,
You must pour Liberty warm into the bottle
Your infant's suckled at.

It is not easy, this. I know it. War breeds the need:
War's a great needer, hungry for our souls
Before it eats our bodies. It inflicts
Vision upon us when our comfort lies
In the soft darkness of the used, the well-rubbed way
Our fingers found for us.
We shall not grow
Wings to our passion until these over-tall,
These too-resounding and too-often-mouthed words
Draw to a hunger in us, and we feed
On simple knowing.
As for this—
It must have ceased to fret you. You must become one
Who in all good humility you can see
God comforting in the dog curled before your fire,
Can hear Christ speak in the latch that opens wide
To let children run into the fields for mischief,
Taste freedom in the movements of your hand,
See all your country in one poor small drawing,
Know the good scarred face
Of all democracy because a friend
Tells you good morning on a city street,
Know sacrifice because a woman joins
Her life to yours and helps you as you build
Smaller, from less materials, in effort,
To make life better though it be less life.
You see—
Thus do the answers come.
Or, to be true,
Thus they begin, for still such stuff is general,
Being like air, like clouds,
You may not quite wrap up in it, but breathe it
Since you must breathe. Democracy's still too big
In a friend's face; a woman is love, and marriage
Is a first loving and its privilege
Has sacrifice for essence; children are keys to Christ,
Yet leave unchristian residue; the whole
Of this diversity of many-colored acres we call
America is beyond the grasping mind no matter
How it may clutch at it. One touches
The general only when the particular
Has come to hand and been rubbed smooth and dear—
Lest it be lost.
These matters move, they move,
But seem like air that floats over the water
Barren of power to ripple it, while we long
For the tempest, crave the storm, want hurricanes
To force our bodies into a sense of force.
I tell you,
The big vast words that seem so difficult,
Lie in the hand's palm, beneath the daily glance,
Beyond the doorsill but two little steps,
And are for each as near, for each as strangely
Different as the conception of death's use
To old and young.
You must first have named
The sleeping dog, a name become familiar
In comfort to you as you have comforted, tending
The wire's cut on the shank of the leg, the burrs
Plucked from the matted hair, you must have seen
The eyes that rolled up
In love to your least movement.
You must own
Anguish in the child's fall, pride in the growth,
Companionship in the small words of life lived
In the river of days, and there must be a fear
In the called name that echoes over empty green fields
At evening for a tardiness, and a lift
To the heart as the thin wind of the dusk brings answer
To love re-owned.
You must make actual
The scarred face, give it a name, say Rappaport,
Or MacNamara, or Anderson, Green or Schmidt,
Seen not in image-city, greeted but in the mind, no,
But here, here, on Third Avenue, where the sun
Lies marked as a tiger hot on the barred street and loses
Stripes to the fleeting shadow of a great cloud
Of fierce sound rolling on steel above you, you must cry out
The name from the heart, to the friend real and there
In the real place.
You must reach out your hand
To your own woman's hand, touch it, and feel it warm, and know
That love flows out of the fingers and says Love
In the silence of speech no longer wholly needed,
As you say Wife in your heart and know your heart
Echoes to Husband—that it is all as true
As time, not fleeting as the dog's life is mortgaged
To brevity, as children's childhood waits only on the slipping
Of the clock's hand forward, as greetings
Under the steel thunder are for the friendship held
In a moment's haste more dearly because the haste
Hardly abated—but yours, and never less than yours
Beyond all thievery of the larcenous clock,
Because you made it yours in the you that holds
Time's flesh a hostage.
Then you may surely feel
Your own about you, then
You can conceive God's goodness as lost with the same cutting
Pain as the lost dog breeds, an image of all fidelity
Wandering, looking, yet not finding—
Because you let him go; then you can place
Your heart in the child's heart weeping for a lost marble
That somehow rolled into the high jungle
Of fern fronds; then can imagine in bitterest clarity
Your woman absent, cutting the cords of love
With the sharp knife of an old wrong; then you can conceive
The friend as vanished, the greetings gone, unhoped for,
Since wild explosive lightnings that wings flung down,
Blasted familiar streets.
Oh, in that day, those big words,
Liberty, Freedom and Sacrifice, Democracy,
Will march above you and beyond you no longer,
But will blaze warm on your hearth, cover your body,
Move in affection under your loving, just hands,
Come to your call at evening as though you came
Clothed in their spring and youth,
Lie by your side in comfort
In the dark and hard nights, greet you and call you
Friend in the sunlight of the new morning.

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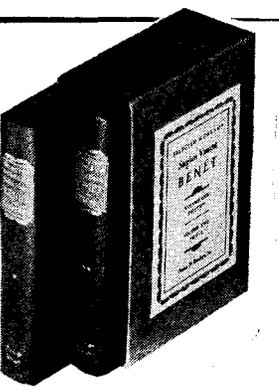

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TRADE Winds

IT WAS GOOD to see Jimmie Walker again the other day at the Banshee luncheon. He introduced a dozen or so war heroes with his usual gusto and aplomb, before the advance showing of the Disney-De Seversky picture, "Victory Through Air Power" (a beautiful and convincing job, by the way). . . . The impression has grown around these parts that Jimmie was the fall guy for a lot of palookas who cheerfully let him take the rap in the days of the Seabury investigation and "the little tin box." Anyhow, he's done full penance for whatever shortcomings he may have had as mayor, and it's my impression that he could be re-elected tomorrow. . . . The first time I ever saw Jimmie Walker he was a promising State Senator. Horace Liveright and Tom Smith had been nabbed by Vice Hound John Sumner for publishing a "limited edition" of a three-volume boob catcher called "Poetica Erotica." The case was scheduled to be heard before Judge Otto Rosalsky, and Liveright had good cause to be wary of that distinguished jurist. Only one year before he had published a book called "Haunch, Paunch and Jowl," by Samuel Ornitz, and gossip had it that the central character had been patterned on Rosalsky's career. Liveright hired Jimmie Walker to represent him, and the pair of them, along with the quaking Tommy Smith, lined up before the bar. . . . "Which one of you three," boomed Rosalsky, "is Liveright?" Jimmie met the judge's glare with an imperturbable smile. "Aw, cut the heavy stuff, Otto," he remarked pleasantly. "What's the bail?" . . . Liveright and Smith were acquitted eventually, and the price of "Poetica Erotica" soared to fifty dollars a set.

Several years later, after Donald Klopfer and I had acquired the Modern Library, we hit upon the notion of an advertising campaign that would be headed with something like "Herbert Bayard Swope has read 118 titles in the Modern Library. How many have *you* read?", or "There are only fourteen books in the Modern Library that Dr. Einstein doesn't know. How does this compare with *your* record?" The object, of course, was to persuade as many people as possible to read through the entire list of titles in the Modern Library series. We figured it would be a great idea to launch the campaign with a study of the record of the ever-popular Mayor Walker. He could be found most evenings at that time in the Central Park Casino, the most attractive night spot that New York has ever known. He listened agreeably enough to my proposal when I cornered him there, and then clapped a friendly hand on my shoulder. "How many Modern Library books have I read?" he echoed. "Son, I never read a book in my life!" . . . We were so discouraged that we threw the whole idea for the campaign into the waste basket. . . .

THE SUDDEN death of John Anderson is a grievous loss to the theatre. With Atkinson, Watts, and Brown off to the wars, dramatic criticism in New York was already in a parlous state. Anderson's passing is almost the final straw. He was one of the best liked and most respected men in his profession. . . . Colonel Arthur Little, World War hero and Chairman of the Board of Little & Ives, printers, also died last week. The Colonel attracted wide attention in the publishing world in 1939 when, in offering for sale the assets of the disbanded firm of Covici Friede, he attached higher value to the "Cheerful Cherub" than he did to the works of John Steinbeck. . . . Crown Publishers, incidentally, have just taken over the remaining assets of Covici Friede; Alfred Knopf has done likewise with the Penn Publishing Company. . . . Discovery of amazing ad on page E5 of Section 4 of *The New York Times* for Sunday, July 11, is attributed to alert salesman for magnifying glass house. Publishing circles are agog. . . .

DOUGLAS PARMENTIER, once President of Harper's, is now a Lieutenant Colonel in the Army. . . . Author, up from Washington for session of Writers' War Board, explained tardy arrival: "I came by bus, and the darn thing stopped at every post on the route. It turned out to be a Greyhound!" . . . George Jessel wires that the manpower shortage in Hollywood has become so acute that they're hiring relatives of the executives at other studios! . . . Harry Hansen has completed his translation of Hans Habe's new novel for Viking. It is called "Kathrine," and through the story of a mighty French automobile magnate, his mistress, and their respective offspring, it mirrors the downfall of France in 1940. Hansen's last literary chore was on the Chicago River. They ought to make him head of the River and Habe Bureau. . . .

HAROLD LATHAM, Vice President of Macmillan, has just completed one of his periodic cross country jaunts to visit old and prospective authors. One writer proved difficult to contact. This was Earl Guy, author of "Heaven Is a Sunswept Hill." He turned out to be a "lifer" in a Minnesota penitentiary. . . . Judging by a few recently published tomes that I have delved into, they jailed the wrong author. . . . L. C. Page is reviving Charles Mackay's "Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds." Bernard Baruch once declared that this book "saved him millions of dollars." . . . Mr. Page doesn't do a great deal of publishing any more, but back in 1914 he sponsored a little number named "Pollyanna" which netted him a tidy fortune. . . . Lewis Galantière is fond of regaling dinner parties with this rich quotation from Gibbon: "With the venerable proconsul Gordian, his son was likewise declared emperor. His manners were less pure, but his character was equally amiable with that of his father. Twenty-two acknowledged concubines, and a library of sixty-two thousand volumes, attested the variety of his inclinations, and from the productions which he left behind him, it appears that the former as well as the latter were designed for use rather than ostentation." . . .

THOSE THWARTED and tiresome young "career men" in the State Department who wear the striped trousers and know the proper conversational gambits for unattractive wives of foreign secretaries are now called "cookie pushers" by the Washington scribes. . . . Duell, Sloan and Pearce have a trio of arresting titles in their new catalogue: "McSorley's Wonderful Saloon," by Joseph Mitchell; "The Barefoot Mailman," by Theodore Pratt; and "The Big Rock Candy Mountain," by Wallace Stegner. . . . Whitney Darraw, Jr., is calling *his* new volume of cartoons "You're Sitting on My Eyelashes." . . . Latest claimant for the role of Best Dressed Man in the Publishing Business is Julian Messner. His recent display of haberdashery has dazzled the natives. . . . Carolyn Coggins, of *The Tribune,* now up to some deviltry in a vacation camp, reports that her favorite bit of theatre dialogue this year comes from Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit." Mr. and Mrs. are reading their papers at the breakfast table. "Anything amusing in *The Times* this morning?" inquires Mr. politely. "Don't be silly!" replies Mrs. sharply. . . . It's The *London* Times, Carolyn, to which Mr. Coward was referring. . . . Dick Rodgers, composer of "Oklahoma," tells of a conversation he overheard between his four-year-old daughter and a mature youth of seven who lived next door. The youth, displeased with the course of the discussion, said "Aw, nuts!" "Don't say that," cautioned Miss Rodgers.

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"Henry, stop dreaming up there!"

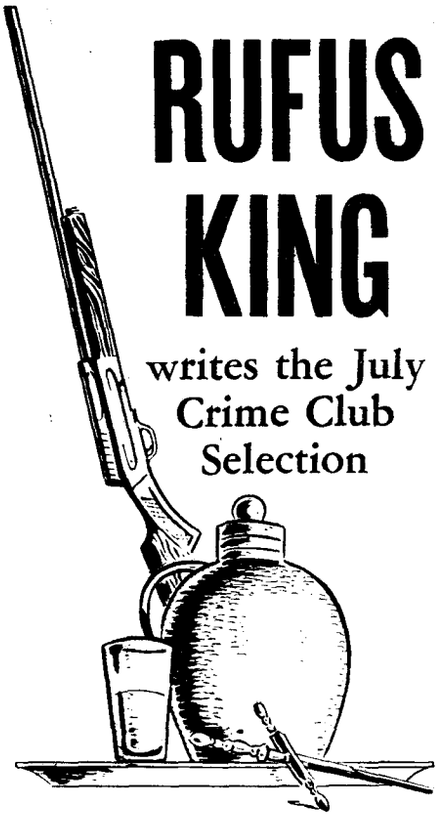
"Don't you know that I pick up everything I hear?" . . . Ken McCormick joins the Army on July 28, and Doubleday, Doran forces are in a dither. Only Chicago McCormicks are expendable. Editors of Ken's calibre are scarcer than glamour girls in the Aleutians. . . .

PAPER MANUFACTURERS express increasing concern over the precipitate drop in pulpwood inventories, which are declining at a rate exceeding 130,000 cords per month. Pulpwood is the basic ingredient of all paper. The industry figures that 20,000 additional workers in the woods, made available quickly in the five major forest regions of the United States, would solve the problem so effectively that danger of further paper cuts would be eliminated for months to come. The 20,000 asked for represent a single swing shift in one major manufacturing plant. . . . One place where the ten per cent paper cut already in effect and an enormously increased public demand have crashed head-on is in the production of Bibles. Bible manufacturers are rationing orders already on hand, and many of them are refusing to accept any new orders for the balance of the year. . . . One successful publisher figured that he could have eliminated his entire 1943 list, and, by devoting his full paper allotment to the production of simply bound and printed Bibles, made twice the profit that he now expects to show! . . .

FRANK CASE, amiable Boniface of the Algonquin Hotel, tells the story of the day the late De Wolfe Hopper protested to him that nowhere in New York could he find his favorite dessert, brown betty, on the menu. "I'd have it here for you," Case said, "if I thought there would be a reasonable demand for it." "You put it on your menu tomorrow night," proposed Hopper, "and I'll see to it personally that the demand develops!" The next night brown betty was duly added to the Algonquin bill of fare, and Hopper, much gratified, made a personal tour of every table in the dining room. "I am De Wolfe Hopper," he announced to the surprised patrons, "and I personally urge you to sample the brown betty this evening. It's delicious!" Hopper then repaired to his own table, toyed with a beefsteak, and summoned his waiter. "Now," he said, rubbing his hands in anticipation, "I'll have a double order of brown betty." "I'm very sorry, sir," said the waiter. "It's all gone!"

BENNETT CERF.

The Council on Books in Wartime popular program, "Words at War," will dramatize episodes from the following war books on these dates: July 24, "The Ship," by C. S. Forester; July 31, "From the Land of Silent People," by Robert St. John; August 4, "Prisoner of the Japs," by Gwen Dew. The program is broadcast Saturdays, from New York at 8:30 p.m. EWT, over the NBC Red Network.



RUFUS KING

writes the July Crime Club Selection

a variety of weapons

IN WHICH Ann Ledrick goes to Black Tor to photograph black ocelots, the pets of Estelle Marlow . . . but forgets about pet ocelots when Miss Marlow blandly admits that she used them to lure Ann to the mansion — and then Old Justin Marlow dies suddenly, mysteriously, with a cryptic message on his lips.

At your bookseller's

$2.00 • THE CRIME CLUB

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These Jigging Fools

This is the Time for All Good Men to Come To the Aid of Their Poetry

ALFRED KREYMBORG

WHEN the immortal William of Stratford-on-Avon composed Brutus's celebrated line on the poets "What should the wars do with these jigging fools?" he raised a question already posed by the classic Athenian dramatists, and now being raised again in various circles of a war-torn globe. The same question might be turned with equal effect into, "What should the peace, or what should the times or eternity do with these jigging fools?" or best of all, "What should these fools do with themselves?" A charming classroom exercise might be held on this theme and, while it might not solve anything, would at least pass the time in debate and give the class something to chew on before the bell tolls. And the poet-culprit could return to the stocks from which he was dragged for this exercise and to the further meat and drink of subjective or objective reflection. This was ever his business and this is his business now.

The world, civilized or barbarian, has rarely been kind to the poet; has in fact ignored or starved him as a rule. But this unconscious custom has toughened the fellow and forced him into the self-reliance extolled by Emerson. Is he, therefore, an antisocial being, as Plato argued? Far from it. Does he sulk in a tent like Achilles when his works are belittled and his pride offended? Far from it. Does he go into exile with Dante or the blind isolation of Milton? Yes, and without resigning the human race or dabbling in misanthropy. Does he shrink a few inches in public if Demos cannot stomach his nude and lusty democracy? No, for old Walt Whitman still bathed himself in multitude and went on gathering Leaves. Does he yearn for death before his time or implore God to soften the wracks of paralysis? Not while there's another Heine to denounce and riddle the Metternichs from an eight-year old mattress. Questions, more questions, and answers to show what a man the poet is; and a soldier in arms or behind the lines. And since his whole life is a life of warfare he knows what Armageddon is and how to act when it falls on humanity. No man is a truer citizen of his nation; no man a truer citizen of the world.

From time to time someone or other finds it necessary to write a defense of poetry and we have had, in our own language, the nobility of Sidney's defense in the seventeenth century, the exuberance of Johnson's in the eighteenth, the eloquence of Shelley's in the nineteenth, and the precision of Eliot's in the twentieth, to mention four leading authors who addressed their own times in the spirit of the times. It is not the temper of the present author to vie with the past, or to set up one system against another, or even to advance some personal crusade in the light of the latest development or retrogression in society. He feels that true poetry is a creative process marking its own final cadence without further thought, question, or apology. It is a positive force and anything superimposed from without, either by the poet himself or the critic of his work, is negative by comparison. Nor have we any right, as readers or critics, to examine and judge the life of a poet apart from his finished labors. Such an inquiry has its fascination.

It is therefore of the utmost impertinence to demand of a poet, What were you doing for your native land on such and such an occasion? Or what are you doing now and what will you do tomorrow? Poets have enlisted in this war and other wars like the average citizen and without expecting spotlights or medals of distinction. Nor have we the right at such times to dismiss their profession as useless or parasitic or of minor importance, especially in view of such Grecian forebears as Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who shouldered arms from Marathon to Salamis and, with the same clear gesture, turned their minds to dramatic steel. Today, there is also the poet on the home or behind the home front who, far from participating in a general physical action or of turning his pen to propaganda, continues his former labors as long as those labors are the best he can offer his native land.

—From the woodcut by Alexis Kravchenko

THE author of Brutus's caustic line, so far as we know, never served England on the battlefield or in the naval engagement against the Spanish Armada. On the other hand, his great contemporary, Lope de Vega, a year or two older than Shakespeare, sailed in one of the Spanish galleons that escaped destruction, and "the monster of nature," as Cervantes dubbed him, went on composing his hundreds of plays. Who would be absurd enough to claim that Lope's character was superior to Shakespeare's because he enlisted and Shakespeare did not and that therefore the Briton's plays cannot be held in the same veneration as the Spaniard's? Our world knows which of these two made the greater contribution to his particular nation, and to international civilization long after 1588.

The poetic drama of the Greeks was an act of citizenship under the Athenian democracy. It was never separate (as the drama of today) from the life of the people, the life of the state, and the single or collective life of the individual. However we may have improved on Athenian democracy we certainly have not improved on the arts to which it gave birth and nourishment. When Athens fell she fell before her growing imperialism, a decadent movement no true Athenian welcomed and every true poet resisted—*vide* the polemical dramas of Euripides and Aristophanes. And how do we recognize the glories of the ancient world except through its poets in song, epic, and drama, in stone and sculpture, in history and philosophy, in science and faith,—a creative spirit that flourished not for one land and age but for all lands and ages? The sole test of survival for any nation is in the culture it leaves behind, dust or no dust, and the same test will be applied when America is studied in a later perspective.

And so today, with our native land threatened across two oceans, we may

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revert to Brutus and place his question squarely before ourselves and our poets as average citizens. We have a cultural heritage worthy of honor among ourselves and worthy of honor abroad. In the field of poetry alone, we have had a renascence that opened before the dawn of the First World War and flowered in the face of that holocaust. And this field prevailed and grew in the face of the Aftermath, or the disillusion after Versailles, and then in the rise of an economic tragedy worse than any war. In short, we had poetry at all times and we have it again today through a younger generation working in a global war that has already dwarfed the First World War. For thirty solid years, while the earth slipped away underfoot and the heavens grew dark and darker, even in peace time, the poets, however different from one another or antagonistic toward one another, had enough light to work by, had enough faith to go on. And this faith of theirs, often without a name, or any reference to powers beyond their own, labored through many a heartless period blindly imposed from without, through an inhuman indifference and privation, or payment dealt out in the marketplace with less than average bread.

Many distinguished poets had to give up through lack of physical sustenance; or through poisons of an irresistible bitterness; or through embracing a compromise with Mammon for the sake of a livelihood. Others gave up altogether by committing suicide—like Vachel Lindsay. The body cannot go on when the flame dies down nor the spirit live on itself alone—although it seemed to do so in Lola Ridge. Surely, no group of men and women was accorded less bread for their art than the pioneer poets of the Renaissance. And yet, look at them now or read them in perspective! One turns to their latest death through the person of Stephen Vincent Benét, a veteran at forty-four. You may tell the daily world that Stephen died on such and such a day, but you cannot say this in the poetry world, nor in the real America. There is never any death in poetry,—only an extended existence.

WE cannot expect a man to be other than he is, for herein lies the heart, mind, and body of true democracy. In our genius for conquering matter and shaping it toward the service of humanity, we also have a genius for too much wealth and too much waste. No land has been more careless than ours, more prodigal of its energies, more self-centered and less regardful of its less fortunate neighbors. It might even be said that, with all our preliminary response in every capacity to the needs of the present war, the closest most of us come to the battlefield is bumping into soldiers on the subway. Having done our day's job or day's duty we simply don't wish to be bothered with the other fellow—"Let him go his way and I'll go mine." This does not mean that we are not good hearted. In the aggregate, we are probably the best natured people alive. Foreigners, living here in exile, say this about us, and I have heard such praise most often from German exiles. And these wretched strangers are more hopeful about us than we are—those of us who are keenly self-critical of our failures, shortcomings, and lack of a worldwide vision, and who dread the laissez-faire of the first post-war era. This must not happen again and certainly "not happen here." Among other national leaders, the poet must stand out for a better world or "a new world order."

I do not ask that every poet turn socially conscious or nationally conscious over night and expose our own evils along with Dr. Hitler's. Nor do I ask that the poet with a more or less eternal vision grow temporal or journalistic for the sake of the times. Professional journalists have the better training and experience for reporting swift events and are covering a well nigh unknown map remarkably well. Nor do I ask the esthetic poet to grow ethical, the lyric poet to grow dramatic, or the flower poet to take a few thorns in hand. We cannot expect the poet to be more than the man he is, or disdain the flower poet only to lose another Herrick. The war-time problem, in short, should be left to each poet in person. And since the richness of American verse for the past thirty years is based on a seemingly endless variety of men and women who have taken free speech for granted as the soul of our race, laws, and customs, that man would be mad who struck at the roots of creation and howled at some poet, You cannot do this. Or, you can only do this in times of peace. No, let us have poetry as heretofore, poetry at all times and in all dimensions and among all persons.

The Poet

By Raymond Holden

IT is a larger thing I see
Than at the moment I confront:
The daylight, bent away from me,
The daylight welling from its font
And all the shadows that are things
Possessed and lost and not conceived,
Stopped in their widespread shadowings
Sharp as the scallop umbrage leaved
At simple noon by trees on walks.
It is the maker and his mark,
The shape and heart of all that talks,
The cup of light, the liquid dark.

It is a wider thing I know
Than I can pile upon a hand:
The sense of having lived to grow
In many a visitless strange land
Where all that happens is to come
And all that's hoped is memory;
Where every stick and stone's a home
And every home a stone or tree,
And all that ripples from a lip
Into the ear-attended air
Is but a reaching finger-tip
Of one in darkness on a stair.

It is a worthier thing I am
Than this I draw my breath to be:
A mesh of loop and length to cram
With meaning, meaningless to me
Unless it strike the ringing throat
And break to symbols, outward bound.
Suggesting by some broken note
The logic ancestry of sound.
Larger and wider, worthier
Than I, this tongue no man was taught.
I speak, and over speech's stir
Hear the great silence taking thought.

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The Eddie Guest of the Seventies

Will Carleton Could Pound Them Out

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

ONE afternoon in 1871 a young newspaperman sat in a courthouse in western Michigan reporting a small-town divorce case for *The Detroit Tribune*. Something pitiful in the story being thus judicially unfolded so moved him that almost without premeditation he began to put his feeling into verse:

> Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
> For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.
> We who have worked together so long as man and wife
> Must pull in single harness for the rest of our natural life.

The poem, for such it must be called, however pedestrian, ran to some twenty-one verses. In it the old farmer tells of the quarrel that opened a breach between him and his wife, but soon memories overcome him; he recites Betsey's good qualities, instructs the lawyer to make generous provision for her, and winds up—

> And when she dies I wish she would be laid by me,
> And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
> And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
> If we loved each other the better because we quarreled here.

This tender effusion was printed in *The Toledo Blade* with the title "Betsey and I Are Out," and was soon reprinted in countless newspapers. There were no syndicates in those days to make circulation easy and profitable to rhymsters who touched the popular heart, but it is safe to say that these lines eventually became familiar to every literate inhabitant of the country. The softhearted American public reacted to them as it always does to a sentimental appeal. Indeed, its feelings were so lacerated by this pathetic ditty that the author was moved to soften the blow. It will be recalled that Dickens was deluged with letters begging him not to kill Little Nell; that Thackeray was subjected to the same pressure over the death of Colonel Newcome. This author was more amenable, for he wrote a sequel, "How Betsey and I Made Up," supplying the happy ending so tearfully demanded, and the divorce proceedings were metrically quashed.

The author of "Betsey and I Are Out" was William McKendree Carleton, a name he cannily shortened to Will Carleton as soon as growing fame required a more easily-spoken monicker. He was born on a farm in western Michigan near the Wisconsin state line, October 21, 1845. His father, John Hancock Carleton, was a Yankee pioneer with several New England generations behind him who had built with his own hands the log cabin in which his son was born.

His mother, Celestia Smith, used to sing old English ballads as she rocked him to sleep, and that early influence may have given direction to his subsequent career. A dreamy lad, he showed little aptitude for farming, but spouted declamations to the patient and respectful cows as he milked them, absorbed what education he could from the country school, and entered Hillsdale College in Wisconsin not far from his birthplace. There he devoted some of his spare time to metrical composition, and was elected class poet at his graduation in 1869.

He found immediate employment on *The Standard,* the local Hillsdale sheet, transferred the following year to *The Detroit Weekly Tribune,* and thus we find him in the courthouse composing the piece that was to start him on his typically American career and bring him widespread if not lasting fame.

In 1871 *Harper's Weekly* was the leading American publication. Its crusading cartoonist was Thomas Nast, inventor of the tiger, elephant, and donkey as symbols of political parties, whose bitter and stinging lampoons were smashing the Tweed ring and helping to send its corrupt boss to jail. Its editor was S. S. Conant, over whose head hangs an unsolved mystery. It took a bit of research to learn that his initials stood for Samuel Stillman, for he always appeared in print, even in J. Henry Harper's copious history of the House of Harper, as "S. S." But that is not the mystery. Conant was the shrewd and successful editor of *The Weekly* from 1869 until 1885. And then one Saturday morning he left his home in good spirits ostensibly for his office and was never seen nor heard of again. To this day no one knows what became of him.

No sooner had a copy of *The Toledo Blade* reached New York than Conant spotted the "Betsey" ballad, recognizing its human interest value whatever its literary qualities. He not only printed it in *The Weekly,* he wrote Carleton for more—and got them. The first to arrive was a poem written out of the emotion Will had felt when the old log cabin his father had built and in which he himself had been born was sold, preparatory to a move into a more stately mansion. He dwelt on the familiar scenes, its walls had witnessed:

> Out of the old house, Nancy—moved up into the new;
> All the hurry and worry is just as good as through.
> Only a bounden duty remains for you and I—
> And that's to stand on the doorstep, here, and bid the old house good-bye.

Then came the most successful tear-starter of the entire series, "Over the Hill to the Poor-house," the soliloquy of a poor old unwanted mother, as she tramps her weary way to the pauper's final home. Eight children she has, most of them successful, one

"These things happen in books and plays. Now it's happening to me, Stephanie Pettibone."

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In ten more minutes what will you be doing?

IN TEN MORE MINUTES they'll be in action—American fighters risking life and limb to conquer one more bridgehead on the road to freedom.

And in ten more minutes—what will *you* be doing to help win this war?

Because it's up to you as much as it's up to them. Unless you—and all the rest of us at home—are devoting every spare minute of our time to fighting this war as civilians, *their* chances of victory are slim.

Next time you read of an American raid on enemy positions—with its tragic footnote of lost planes and ships and men—ask yourself:

"What *more* can I do today for freedom? What *more* can I do tomorrow that will save the lives of men like this and help them win the war?"

* * *

To help you find *your* place in America's War for Freedom, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as part of local Defense Councils. Probably there is one of these Corps operating now in your community. Give it your full co-operation. If none exists, help organize one.

Write to this magazine for a free booklet, "You and the War," telling you what to do and how to do it. This is *your* war. Help win it. Choose what you will do now!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America

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well-to-do, but none want her. She has been shoved around from one to another until there is no place to go but—

Over the hill to the poor-house—my child'rn dear, good-by!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do today.

This poem proved to be effective propaganda. The population of the almshouses of the country shrank noticeably after its publication, as conscience-stricken children rushed to take parents from the poorhouse and give them homes. And again Will Carleton bowed to a public that cannot take its tragedy undiluted, for he wrote a companion piece in which the black sheep of the family, the ne'er-do-well son, who has made a strike in the West, rescues his mother and gives her a good home. "Over the hill from the Poor-house" dried many weeping eyes.

There won't be a better mystery story this year than

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY
author of
STRAWSTACK and THE BALCONY

→ **N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW:** "Told with all the skill that Dorothy Disney has at her command. In other words, *it is a humdinger.*"

$2.00, A RANDOM HOUSE BOOK

There is an O. Henry touch to "Gone with a Handsomer Man," for in it the faithful John comes home to find the house empty, his somewhat skittish wife gone, the conventional note propped up on the kitchen table, its message the title of the poem. Poor John has a tantrum, throws things around, and apostrophizes the empty walls:

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a *lovin'er* man than I was I guess she'll never find.

In the midst of his wailings in walks the smiling wife on the arm of her good-looking old father (though the artist fails to give him much of an edge on John at that) who is of course the "handsomer man," and the phrase "gone with a handsomer man" is added to our popular sayings.

The mild humor of the lighter of these bucolic ballads reached the farcical in such skits as "The Three Lovers" or "The Schoolmaster's Guests." In one Bessie the coquette tried to keep three beaux on the string. The hired man is favored by the old folks, but the neighboring farm lad and the village lawyer are forbidden the house. Bessie hides the small one in the churn, the tall one in the attic, and the dénouement is lively unadulterated slapstick:

And there let us leave them, 'mid outcry and clatter,
To come to their wits, and then settle the matter;
And take for the moral this inference fair:
If you're courting a girl, court her honest and square.

IN the other piece, the selectmen call in a body on the schoolmaster and tell him what's what, while the giggling pupils look on. The head selectman "stomps" so hard to emphasize his points that the stovepipe, cunningly adjusted by "Jim, the heaven-born mechanic," falls on their heads and covers them with soot.

And the squire, as he stalked to the doorway, swore oaths of a violet hue;
And the four district fathers, who followed, seemed to say, *"Them's my sentiments tew."*

These extracts will give an idea of the content as well as the style of the poems. *Harper's Weekly* published them as fast as they were written, the press clipped and reprinted them, and the people ate them up. They were carried around in wallets. They became platform favorites at Friday afternoon speakings in the schools, and were added to the programs of those popular entertainers, the itinerant elocutionists.

Harper's wisely decided that such popularity called for a book, and in 1873 the first batch of poems was published, handsomely gotten up for those times—"Farm Ballads by Will Carleton," the title no doubt in memory of the old English songs his mother used to sing, for the book is dedicated

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 486)

MARGARET WALKER:
SORROW HOME
(FROM "FOR MY PEOPLE"*)

Warm skies and gulf blue streams are in my blood.
I am no hot-house bulb to be walled by steel . . . wood and brick far from the sky.
O Southland, melody beating in my bone and blood! How long will the Klan of hate . . . keep me from my own!

*Yale University Press—1942. Edited with a Foreword by Stephen Vincent Benét.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES *Editor—Ellery Queen* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Bountiful collection of stories about exploits of fictional female sleuths—and some true stories.	Valuable and interesting anthology. Mr. Queen's introduction and prestory interpolations are especially good.	First class
MURDER BREAKS TRAIL *Eunice Mays Boyd* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Two politicos die violently in western mountain camp. Unobtrusive little Mr. Smyth carries off detecting honors.	Good cast of characters and an amusingly perspicacious detective. Sufficient action and a possibly too-well tangled plot.	Average
LADY IN A MILLION *Susannah Shane* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Untraceable shot slays Sq. during New Year's celebration. Sprightly amateur helps police to solution.	Briskly paced yarn with engaging sleuth, some good comedy, love interest, and a puzzling plot.	Good grade

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to her. At a time when $1.25 was the standard price for a novel, 40,000 copies of "Farm Ballads" were sold at $2 a volume, or, with gilt edges, $2.50.

In 1875 *Harper's* published "Farm Legends" similar in format and price to the first book, dedicated to his father, and in 1881 "Farm Festivals," dedicated to his one brother and his sisters. In 1878 Carleton moved to Boston and attempted to do for the town what he had done for the country, with "City Ballads," 1885. "City Legends," 1889, and "City Festivals," 1892. The first book in the City series is dedicated to the author's wife, who was Adora Goodell. The trilogy never attained the popularity of the farm ditties. The pieces are less spontaneous, more mannered, and an attempt was made to tie them together into one narrative by various literary devices, but no one quoted or spouted them, and they gave no sayings to current speech. Will Carleton's heart was in the rural western country where he was born and bred, but nevertheless the total sales of all his books reached 500,000 copies.

While the poems were appearing in *The Weekly, Harper's* called in their best artists to illustrate them, and later the same blocks were used in the books. Artists received scant credit from publishers in those days, and some of the earlier illustrators are anonymous, but names, or at least initials, can be deciphered on many of the cuts (which are of course wood blocks), though the engraver usually managed to make his own name more prominent or more legible than the cipher of the artist. However, it is evident that the books of the series exhibit early work of such distinguished men as Edwin A. Abbey, C. S. Reinhart, A. B. Frost, Th. Nast, W. A. Rogers, W. T. Smedley, and Frederick S. Church. To those of us who conned these poems as they appeared, learned them by heart, and spoke them at rhetoricals, the conceptions of the artists were as veritable portraits of Will Carleton's characters as Sir John Tenniel's pictures are of Alice and her strange friends.

IN the spring of 1873 when "Betsey" and I Are Out" was at the high tide of its popularity, Will Carleton was made the object of a fantastic attack. Its authorship was claimed by a Mrs. (or Miss) K. E. Emerson (she also went by the name of French). Her publishers, G. W. Carleton & Co. (no relation to Will) backed her claim and published in *The New York Times* a defamatory advertisement charging Carleton with "literary piracy." The story of the Emerson woman was that she was a "medium," that she had composed the poem in a state of trance under the influence of George D. Prentice (deceased), that she sold the poem to Carleton for two dollars, and that he had published it in *The Toledo Blade* as his own, and was about to include it in his forthcoming book, "Farm Ballads."

When confronted by the fact that Will Carleton had never been in New York she changed her story, and asserted that she wrote poems merely for amusement and allowed her friends to make manuscript copies of them; that "Betsey" had thus circulated around the country and fallen into Carleton's hands, and he had appropriated it. *Harper's* stood firmly behind their poet and urged him to bring suit against Mrs. Emerson-French and her publishers for criminal libel, there being no ground for action for infringement as "Betsey" in *The Blade* had not been copyrighted. But Will gave no attention to the matter. The Emerson book was published with the title "A Thanksgiving Story," with "Betsey" among its contents, slightly altered textually from the original. This book was sufficient evidence the Emerson woman could not have written the disputed poem, for the other pieces in her book were drivel or doggerel, without the slightest resemblance in style or matter to Carleton's work. It had no effect on "Farm Ballads," which appeared shortly afterward and was, as has been stated, a tremendous success.

Will Carleton was living in Brooklyn, and editing a publication called *Every Where* that he had founded in 1904, when he died of bronchial pneumonia December 18, 1912, at the age of sixty-seven. He lies in Greenwood Cemetery beside his wife. The gold-stamped gilt-edged quartos once seen lying on the marble-topped center tables in nearly every parlor turn up occasionally in the second-hand book stores. A set of first editions brings about thirty dollars.

Will Carleton, from an old photograph.

By THE AUTHOR OF

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Poems by Stefan George

POEMS: English-German Edition. By Stefan George. New York: Pantheon Books. 1943. 254 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by
HUBERTUS ZU LOEWENSTEIN

FOR the first time a selection of poems by Stefan George has now been presented to the English reading public. This in itself is a cultural event of highest significance, and one which fulfills a hope which all who are acquainted with the work of the poet have cherished for years.

While no anthology can be entirely satisfactory, the present volume has been selected with great skill. Its poems acquaint the novice with the main thoughts and with many human aspects of an overflowing, rich soul. The translators, Carol North Valhope and Ernst Morwitz, deserve equal praise. Of all poets I know, George, I suppose, is the most difficult to render into English, for he has not only a language of his own, words filled with a new meaning, and images which he was the first to perceive, but, since he is more than a poet only, his entire personality, the work for which he stands, have become one with word, sound, and parable. The brief introduction by Ernst Morwitz, a close friend of George, is a condensed biography of the man and his work which conveys everything that is essential.

The poems themselves are taken from the seven volumes comprising the bulk of George's work, the seven volumes ranging from "Hymns-Pilgrimages-Algabal," begun in 1891, to "Kingdom Come," published in 1928. The latter, called in German "Das Neue Reich," contains a number of poems written during the First World War—George used this expression as early as 1921. There are verses of dramatic power, of warning and judgment of the puppet kings and traders. The poet foresaw "the many downfalls bare of honor" of 1918, and the still greater darkness which would follow. "It is the charge of the poet"—Ernst Morwitz paraphrases Stefan George—"to guard the flame of the spirit until this spirit shapes bodies for itself, until a new generation arises that does not lie, that despises the profession of pretended unity, and Here and Now makes real the Kingdom Come."

The core of George's work is the cycle of poems contained in the "Seventh Ring," which derive their name from Maximin, as the poet calls the companion who played a role in his life comparable to that of the child Beatrice in Dante's. Youth, not only a preliminary stage and a promise, but as peak and perfection, and as a token of rejuvenated mankind, has been his creed. "We know"—he wrote—"that the great expeditions that changed the face of the world were planned by the schoolboy Alexander, that the twelve-year-old son of Galilee instructed the scribes in the capital, that the Lord of the longest world rule we know of did not die in his thirties, but as a youth found the eternal symbols on his bloomy path."

In the poem "Transport" written after the transfiguration of Maximin's death he writes:

. . . in deeper blazes now is wholly blended
To touch with blest and tremulous amaze
When frenzy of chaotic strife is ended.
. . .
As soft and white as whey the ground is shifted
Across enormous chasms high and higher

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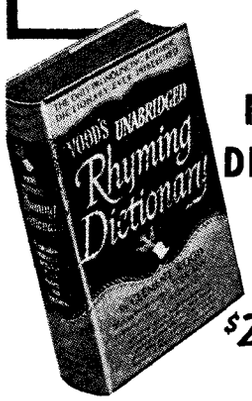

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Your Literary I. Q

By Howard Collins

1. A sadder and a wiser man he rose the morrow morn.	( ) Browning
2. A violet by a mossy stone, half-hidden from the eye.	
3. She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley.	( ) Byron
4. Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.	( ) Henry Carey
5. She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh, with a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.	( ) Coleridge
6. Her hair was long, her foot was light, and her eyes were wild.	( ) W. S. Gilbert
7. This maiden she lived with no other thought Than to love, and be loved by me.	( ) Goldsmith
8. She had a heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad, too easily impressed.	( ) Harte
9. I never saw a man who looked so wistfully at the day.	
10. He missed the medieval grace of iron clothing.	( ) John Hay
11. An unhuman wretch, uncapable of pity, void and empty from any dram of pity.	( ) Keats
12. Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung, puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!	( ) Longfellow
13. This nymph, to the destruction of mankind, Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind . . .	( ) Moore
14. He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing, and he went for it. thar an' then: and Christ ain't a-goin' to be too hard on a man that died for men.	( ) Poe
15. Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth of simple beauty and rustic health.	( ) Pope
16. She'll very well pass for 43 In the dusk, with a light behind her!	( ) Robinson
17. He had a broad face and a little round belly That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.	( ) Scott
18. Many a precious stone flashed on her little hand; but, what was shocking, her small snow feet had slippers, but no stocking.	( ) Shakespeare
19. He smiled as he sat by the table, with a smile that was childlike and bland.	( ) Tennyson
20. The muscles of his brawny arms are as strong as iron hands.	( ) Whittier
	( ) Wilde
	( ) Wordsworth

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I feel how over last of clouds uplifted
In seas of crystal I am swung
I only am a spark of holy fire
A thunder only of the holy tongue—

We who were young in Germany know what George has meant to a whole generation of youth and of the spirit. Time and again his guidance has filled us with new hope in a coming land of freedom; it is his language which we speak and write, as the nineteenth century used Goethe's language. But his influence has stretched far beyond the confinements of Germany proper. He has been received as the outstanding poet of the age in France, in Holland, in Belgium, and in the Scandinavian countries.

Stefan George died on the 4th of December, 1933, a voluntary exile in Locarno-Minusio in Switzerland. I have often stood at his grave, where only laurels and his name betray the presence of the uncrowned ruler of a sacred and secret realm. To Goebbel's offers of dishonoring honors he had not even deigned to reply.

It is to be hoped that these hundred poems in German and English will soon be found in all colleges and universities, and in the hands of American youth of all ages. They will convey to them the beauty, the passion, and the faith of the peoples of Europe, and of a community which is more timeless and greater than all nations.

Speech to the Soldiers

By Raymond Rosenthal

HERE'S the map, shaped in lines
Rigid as the ideas of generals,
Pointing to the attack! the attack!
And there is the Enemy,
Waiting like hats on the hill,
And here we are, beside the dry stream,
Dry as the season's wish.

Between the map and the mystery,
The rigid lines drawn in the brains of generals,
And the spaces and doubts between the lines,
The fallibility that's supposedly human,
The nerve's paralysis, the heart's failure,
The last loneliness speaks at last
In the final voice of the machine guns,

This, too, is the Enemy:
The valley of love's green shadow,
And the hill crowning every desire
With loveliest blue,
And the streams that always run
Swift and cold and clean despite the season.

Smoke a cigarette if you wish,
Take it easy! Look at the map, relax,
Reflect, resolve the many severed fevers,
The pauses and doubts in the lost spaces,
The pause in the long afternoon in the empty sunlight.
The doubt of love around the heart like a chill,
The unhappy childhood, the cruel youth,
The weary waiting in the cold rain,
The waiting for love with sightless eyes,
All! all! resolves, revenged in the attack.

The attack! Here on the familiar terrain
Explained by the map of the dutiful heart.
Let the hill, the stream, the valley
Invade the pupils and still the blood
With the strict science of eyes,
Not as you would look at love,
But beyond the green longing of water and grass
To the resolution of fallibility
In the final successful assault.

GERARD MANLEY
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The Oil of Spain

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

"As in the case of Vichy, the Spanish policy inevitably strengthens a régime which is openly hostile to democracy and which is maintaining a force that is actually fighting one of America's associates in the war against Hitler. This fact, with its effect upon those to whom the war is a crusade against Fascism, must be measured against the advantages of Spanish neutrality."—Editorial in *The New York Sun*

DANCE, Morgiana; dance once more
in your Arabian night!
The mountains to the deserts roar
with the fury of the fight.
But while your feet glide round the floor,
the thieves sit down to dine;
the jars of oil stand near the door
among the jars of wine.
The courtly bland ambassador
spreads oily compliments before
the jackal of our foes.
Shall oil assoil all blood and spoil
nor taint the nicest nose?

"While fostering the works of peace,
he holds aloof from war!"
Unction extreme like golden grease
from our ambassador!
Straightway all executions cease
and geese are swans and swans are geese;
there was no People's War,
Republican, Peninsular,
that ever flamed through Spain
when bloody Robles' puppet-crown
before the people's voice went down
when serfs were mown like grain,
but hope was risen again
through civil strife he fanned and roused
by gold and whip and chain.

Three vultures on a twisted tree
above a blighted plain!
And what are called those vultures three
that drink the blood of Spain?
General, Bishop, and Grandee,
hunched in foul wings: those vultures three
that croak within the twisted tree
and drink the crimson rain—
who held for centuries in fee
the toiling folk of Spain!

For greed and gold they gnash and nod.
They loathe all those who toil.
They hate the People and their God.
They guard the wine and oil.
They croak and flap for furious war
and curse the Frente Popular
with its election won.
Black in a cloud they cloak the sky
and blot the Republic's sun.

Hear them: "Mud, misery, and blood!"—
as to the Cortes cried
Robles, who fled, when stood at flood
the people's rising tide. . . .
And then War came—for their delight—
the Fascist Faust's Walpurgis Night,
War the Swastika gambled for,
Hitler's and Mussolini's War—
against whose hordes boys rose to fight
even from our foreign shore!

The military fascist gang,
Praetorian Guard of Gold,
marshalling their Moors with loud harangue,
wishing their country sold. . . .
With blood the Guadalquiver flowed,
red blood along the Seville road—
for ah, the Consortium must win
pyrites, manganese, and tin,
phosphates and salts and iron and lead—
for which Spain's bravest now lay dead,
while Führer unto Duce said,
"Good! Let the Hell begin!"

Thus the *milicianos* fell,
and girls and lads who sang.
"Ley, Libertad, Igualidad!"
the ancient slogan rang.
Lina, to Catalonia dear;
Mariana, martyr without fear;
Maria, who was Toledo's flame
against the tyrannous troops of shame;
Pasionaria, tall and pale,
from where Asturias scorns the vale,
whose *"Vale mas morir de pie*
que vivir derodillas" she
has made a torch for liberty!
Pure-blooded Spain: her burning face
like Gallic Jeanne's—nor veiled in lace
like bigot virtue. Next we see
rise from their graves those men who did
such deeds of valor round Madrid:
the heroic rabble who withstood
all Fascist hate with hardihood
and trenched on bronze that great defense,
while from the fiery exploding air
a slaughter of the innocents
wrote its red record there. . . .

But of that grimed and grim command
what profit now to tell?
Of Guadalajara and Arganda—
gun-thunder, bomb and shell?
What embassy could understand
Ebro—or Teruel?
See, the suave envoy takes the hand
of those who with Spain's murderer stand
and prates of economic peace
and oil and oil till oil shall cease. . . .
So soon, so soon, the legend fades
of International Brigades—
so soon we appease, hat swept to knees,
those whose decrees bring Hell!

Dance, Morgiana; dance once more!
The Conqueror sits to dine!
Freedom's a pimp and Truth's a whore
and blood befouls the wine;
and all the world is fighting for
oil has expunged. Its tide
would slime the deeds, not salve the wounds
of all the brave who died.

Oh for your dagger in the dance—
Your blade, to foil again,
the traitors of all liberty,
the oily thieves of Spain!

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The Phoenix Nest

RE the amiable argument with Mr. Lamont, *The Nest* has received the following letter, which I print exactly as it stands. I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Low, though I thank him for his communication. I did not solicit it, and I myself have no access to reports of corporations. In an argument, I never have any statistics, which is a handicap. What started all this was that I quoted Carl Dreher as saying that people "have a strong suspicion that capital is cashing in on the war." Carl Dreher is an engineer and has worked for Big Business. He seemed to have credentials. And if, as Mr. Lamont said, the ownership of all the thousands of our large corporations has been "fragmentized and democratized," how is it that, according to Mr. Low, Mr. Alfred P. Sloan is a large stockholder with 600,000 shares and the duPont Company owns ten million shares of General Motors? It seems to me that if this is democracy we could do with a little collectivism. But then I am only a poet (if that) and my sentimental type of mind can't grapple with the mystical higher mathematics of capitalism. A relative did send me some figures gleaned from "a friendly financial expert," but I shall cite those later. I am really sincerely interested in finance, (because it is so difficult for me to understand it!) and I herewith issue an S. O. S. for the title of the best book on Money and the History of Banking with which my expert readers may be acquainted; I mean one now procurable. Remember, it will have to be simple and clear, for the infant mind! But here is

A Letter from Clarence H. Low

My dear Mr. Benét:

I have been following with interest in the press the various remarks made by Mr. Lamont and yourself. In the first instance I want to say to you that I thoroughly share your viewpoint and philosophy on the subject involved.

Mr. Lamont, in his statement as published in the paper on Thursday, left himself wide open. So astute a banker as Mr. Lamont should not have stated "far from cashing in on the war, are morely likely to be dangerously depleting the cash reserves they will surely need to meet the task of reconversion of their plants when the war ends." This creates an erroneous impression and is not in accordance with the facts which anyone versed in corporation management should know.

I have before me a report of the General Motors Corporation and I find that in the year 1941 they have set aside $16,598,644.22 and in 1942 $23,986,315.06 for post-war contingencies and rehabilitation.

On their balance sheet as of December 31, 1942 the total sum of $40,584,959.28 is carried for post-war contingencies and rehabilitation, and is reflected in their bank balance which stands on December 31, 1942 at $287,282,344.81 as against $196,230,729.66 on December 31, 1941.

I have also before me the annual report of the General Electric Company who have set aside in 1942 for post-war adjustments and contingencies $17,000,000.00.

I have also before me the report of the Union Carbide & Carbon Company which set aside $10,000,000.00 reserve for post-war contingencies.

These three companies certainly are representative of the type of corporations Mr. Lamont is speaking of and this completely refutes the statement made by him.

In addition to what I have stated above, there is also to be considered that money set aside for post-war contingencies and rehabilitation by subsidiaries of the General Motors Corporation which is not reflected in the consolidated income report.

I think in justice to yourself and the public interest you should take Mr. Lamont to account for his misrepresentation of the facts as published by various companies.

In normal times a statement such as Mr. Lamont's might have been taken by the speculators and investors as a Bearish statement and a wide open break in the Stock Market could have been expected, but those who have studied these reports know that Mr. Lamont has camouflaged the real situation with platitudes and misrepresentation.

Mr. Lamont's pessimism for the future evidently is not shared by such large stockholders as Mr. Alfred P. Sloan who owns in excess of 600,000 shares, as reported to the New York Stock Exchange, nor by the duPont Company which owns 10,000,000 shares of General Motors.

Very truly yours,
Clarence H. Low.

CHL:p

To Mr. Low's letter I shall only add the following facts and figures from "a friendly financial expert."

From the "Survey of Current Business" published by the United States Department of Commerce, for June, 1943:

Estimated Corporate Profits after Taxes

1940	4,847	million dollars
1942	6,884	million dollars

"Survey of Current Business" says "the high level of profits reached in 1941 (was) maintained (during 1942) despite a sharp rise in taxes."

It is true that dividend payments declined during 1942, but the expert points out that profits are what count, since companies may have any number of reasons for refraining from paying dividends during any particular year. In fact, the Survey says that one reason dividends declined in 1942 as compared with 1941 is that arrears on preferred stock were paid up substantially during 1941, and payments returned to the normal rate during 1942 on this preferred stock.

And now, my dear readers, I have to quash the rumor that this department is going to become an adjunct to *The Wall Street Journal*. Any further discussion of this fascinating topic will appear in "Letters to the Editor," and I shall return with a bewildered sigh to my old books and my new verses. Unfinancially yours,

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Fraser Young's Literary Crypt: No. 5

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 5 will be found in the next issue.

XLIVI EVI XLVII XLMRKW

XLEX EVI RSX XS FI

GVIHMXIH: E ASQER ALIR

WLI AIITW, E QIVGLERX ALIR

LI WAIEVW, RSV E HVYROEVH

ALIR LI TVECW.

FEVREFI VMGL—

"QC PEHC'W PSSOMRK

KPEWW" 1616

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 4

CORRESPONDENCES ARE LIKE SMALL CLOTHES BEFORE THE INVENTION OF SUSPENDERS; IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP THEM UP.

SIDNEY SMITH—
"LETTERS TO MRS. CROWE"

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

8. "My Last Duchess," by Browning. 18 Haidee, in "Don Juan," by Byron. 3. "Sally in our Alley," by Carey. 1. The wedding guest, in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge. 16. The rich attorney's daughter, in "Trial by Jury," by W. S. Gilbert. 4. The schoolmaster, in "The Deserted Village," by Goldsmith. 19. Ah Sin, in "Plain Language from Truthful James," by Bret Harte. 14. "Jim Bludso," by John Hay. 6. "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," by Keats. 20. "The Village Blacksmith," by Longfellow. 17. "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by Moore. 7. "Annabel Lee," by Poe. 13. Belinda, in "The Rape of the Lock," by Pope. 10. "Miniver Cheevy," by Robinson. 5. Ellen Netherby, in "Lochinvar," by Scott. 11. Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice," by Shakespeare. 12 Cousin Amy, in "Locksley Hall," by Tennyson. 15. "Maud Muller," by Whittier. 9. The condemned prisoner, in "Ballad of Reading Gaol," by Wilde. 2. Lucy, in "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways," by Wordsworth.

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STRANDED FOR SUMMER in Big City. Let's discuss, music, books, clay modeling, gourmandizing. Male. Box 214-H.

NOT A CIVILIAN? Please be informed that correspondence between service men and persons not known to them is in violation of War Department instructions to all military personnel. We announced this some time ago, but your mail continues to pour in, and, our office space being limited, we beg you to desist. We simply cannot forward any mail received from service men. If you want your letters back, we shall be glad to oblige.

SINGLE YOUNG MAN, varied experience, including army air corps, desires permanent teaching position, preferably biology and science. Master's degree, experienced Boy Scout leader, nature lover, aeronautics enthusiast, now 4F. Invites correspondence from interested individual with worthwhile undertaking. Box 221-H.

YOUNG WOMAN, extremely attractive, unusual personality, literary and aesthetic, prominent tennis champion, talented pianist, British-born, desires correspondence with cultured professional gentleman of similar interests and characteristics. Box 220-H.

LADY, middle-aged, desires position housekeeping. Gentleman or motherless home, where loyal, intelligent homemaker appreciated. Write particulars. Box 219-H.

QUESTION. How long and constant can friendship really be? Box 218-H.

WIFE, with husband's approval, seeks interesting male correspondence. Box 217-H.

THE BREAKERS, Vinalhaven, Maine, an old New England farmhouse on the ocean. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie unrationed; a log fire; no radio.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. Delightful, informal New England rooms, cottages.

AS YOU ARE, so you write. Detailed handwriting analysis, $1.00. Elsie Briggs, Box 400-G.

PERSONALS

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, avocation writing, will share large, charming apartment overlooking East River at 89 Street. Excellent personal library, transportation conveniences. Would welcome physician. Box 203-H.

THE MOORS, Vinalhaven, Maine. A Pension near the sea for those who want informal tranquillity. Weekly rate, thirty dollars.

30 TROPIC SEASHELLS. DOLLAR BOX PREPAID. F. Lander Moorman, 133 Root Trail, Palm Beach, Fla.

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NEW YORK BOUND? No sound of Juggernaut nor flickering electric day to trouble your slumber at this hostelry. Literary people will appreciate the quiet, pleasant, and convenient location of the Hotel Standish Hall in New York City. It is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. Direct transportation to the New York Public Library. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is just across the Park. Flexible accommodations. One room, $72.50 per month, for a year. Two rooms, $100 per month. Furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchenettes—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. H. W. McGaffey, resident manager, for reservation. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

WON'T you do your bit in this war? We urgently need volunteers for Emergency Canteen Work in hospitals, and motor drivers for ambulances. Please apply to American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps—Major Cowen, 730 Fifth Avenue, tenth floor.

QUIET RETREAT, Catskills. Box 201-H.

GENTLEWOMAN, late fifties, quiet, kindly, good listener, desires position as companion to elderly lady. Box 222-H.

WOMAN OF CHARM AND BREEDING whose intellectual life has to be strenuous wishes correspondence in a light, humorous vein. Box 223-H.

PROFESSIONAL GIRL would spend month's vacation farm near water. Kosher food. Box 211-H.

DAMSEL (not in distress) wants to hear from you. Please write. Box 163, N. P., San Diego, California.

ARTISTIC, FORTYISH, AND FEMININE—having spent a number of years in New York City—now manager of a country club, would be interested in knowing what the rest of the world is doing. Yes, I've traveled a bit, too. Box 224-H.

DIVERSION-SEEKING gentleman wants out-of-town accommodations week-ends. Box 10-B, One Fifth Ave., New York.

WHO WOULD LIKE exchange of letters with attractive, non-sybaritic, eclectic female intensely interested in the art of prose? Box 225-H.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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ALICE WAINWRIGHT—LITERARY ADVISER. Ghost writing, manuscripts typed, shorthand. 108 E. 38th, New York, LE 2-6044.

CLASSIFIED

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LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE, Literary Agent, successor to Mathilde Weil. Manuscripts criticized and marketed. Send for circular. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

EXPERIENCED WOMAN WRITER, ghost-writing, editing, researching, etc. E. Ries, 533 West 112 St., N. Y. C.

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PHONOGRAPH COURSES, Mail Orders. All Languages. Booklet SR. LANGUAGE SERVICE, 18 East 41st, New York, N. Y.

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BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

The Lyons Den

By Leonard Lyons

From *The New York Post* of June 29, 1943

The Personal Advertisements in *The Saturday Review of Literature* are unique among ads appearing in any publication. This is how the magazine's strange Personals section began: In 1936 Louis Untermeyer, the poet, returned from Sicily with two midget donkies. He planned to breed them and set up his project in the Adirondacks. But then the female donkey died. The poet wanted to dispose of the surviving male donkey. Christopher Morley, Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, William Rose Benét and Amy Loveman suggested an ad in *The Sat. Rev. of Lit.* Untermeyer turned ad-writer and wrote a touching appeal to someone to buy a donkey that had been the hero of a book, "Donkey of God," which had won for the author an Italian literary prize. From an avalanche of responses, Angelo Patri emerged with the highest bid. This entire episode served to lure genuine advertisers into buying the space.

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The Crostics Club

TWO valorous DCers have come to the rescue. One, to keep time-statistics, is Joseph P. Grandfield, 165 A. Main St., Glastonbury, Conn., has "the urge" still from sports statistics he used to keep. Send your data to me or to him and we'll decide on a way of presenting them periodically through this column. The other is Mrs. Beatrice W. Hunter, 522 Church St., Evanston, Ill., who will run the DC Exchange Bureau. I've suggested that she get in touch with David Moeser, Boston, whose experience in business and in making DCs for his friends will no doubt evolve a scheme for copy, postage, etc. Mrs. Hunter hasn't made any yet but is a candidate. You should have met her last year when the word "serendipity" was inviting disclosures, but her letter came too late. I give you a part of it now: "A few years ago a copy of the Marlborough school paper, Los Angeles, was sent me. The name of it was *Serendipity*," and I thought it rather silly. Then later I found it in Van Loon's 'History of Art,' the whole history of the word used to describe Schliemann's excavations."

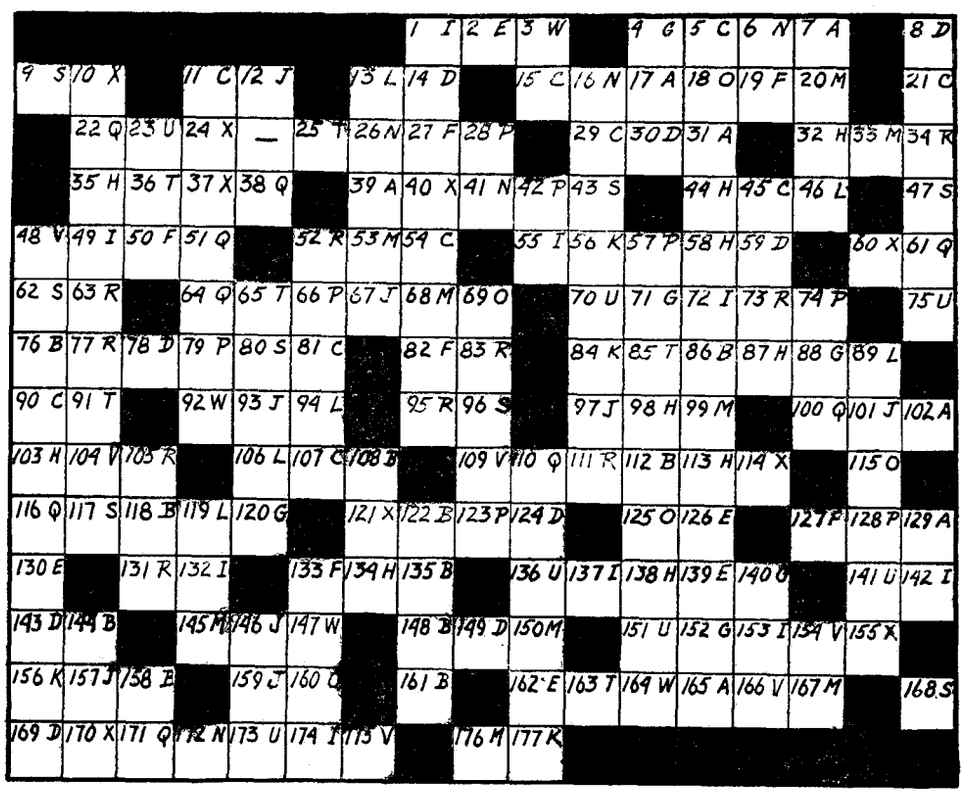
I have sent Mr. Grandfield the names of the following who have already written of their interest in time-statistics: Helen Mary Hays, Miriam de Ford Shipley, Elena Nearing, Edith Morton Vaughan, the Misses M. and N. Hill, Harold F. Smith, Gordon Winslow Smith, Hugh Thomas Miller, Raymond C. Delmont, and James McRae Hawtrey, a goodly array!

In looking over "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," that amazing depository of Byron's reflectively emotional genius, I came across one of those timeless bits to which we lesser mortals refer when we talk of history repeating itself. It is after Waterloo, as "Harold stands upon this place of skulls, the grave of France":

> Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
> And foam in fetters,—but is Earth more free?
> Did nations combat to make *one* submit,
> Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
> What? Shall reviving Thraldom again be
> The patched-up idol of enlightened days?

A new discovery among our Crosticers is Gertrude Gordon, now a free-lance writer of New York City, but listed in Ishbel Ross's illuminating "Ladies of the Press," as one of Pittsburgh's pioneer women newspaper writers. She won fame the hard way when few women were used in that field and has been called for her daring exploits, used as copy, a second Nellie Bly. Last year Pittsburgh called her back for a great testimonial dinner to honor one to whom a gold reporter's badge had been presented by the Bureau of Police and Detectives.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 487

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 24 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Character in "Bleak House" of missionary propensities.

B. Combative (comp.)

C. A vielle; a hurdy-gurdy.

D. Stirring; afoot (phrase).

E. The basal down part of a feather.

F. One of a pair of legendary lovers (Babylonian).

G. Something tiny.

H. Out-of-order (slang phrase).

I. Abolitionist weekly founded by W. L. Garrison.

J. Cauterization.

K. A hateful person or thing (animal origin).

L. A woman who advises a statesman (from Roman myth.)

M. Softened, as the voice.

N. City in Nebraska.

O. The pecan (U. S.)

P. Picture, etc., of a small, dainty kind.

Q. Midwestern American novelist (1837-1902).

R. Lover of Lucia (opera based on Scott's novel (last name).

S. To rid oneself of (2 wds.)

T. In a delicate or jaunty manner.

U. Choice morsels (Am. sp.)

V. Formed into a rainbow.

W. Prince in title of Stevenson romance.

X. Meanly parsimonious.

WORDS

39 129 165 17 31 102 7

135 144 122 118 158 112 76 148 161 86 108

29 11 107 81 90 5 54 21 15 45

78 169 14 30 143 8 149 124 59

130 139 2 162 126

82 133 27 50 127 19

4 71 88 152 120 140

32 113 44 98 58 138 103 134 87 35

55 72 1 174 49 137 132 153 142

159 93 146 12 97 67 101 157

177 56 156 84

46 119 94 89 13 106

167 33 150 53 176 145 68 99 20

26 41 6 172 16

160 125 69 115 18

57 123 74 28 42 79 66 128

64 38 171 116 110 22 51 61 100

34 131 77 111 73 105 52 83 95 63

43 9 117 168 80 62 96 47

65 85 163 36 25 91

136 23 141 70 75 173 151

48 154 166 109 104 175

164 3 147 92

37 170 60 114 40 24 155 121 10

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PANORAMA OF POETRY

POETS OF THE YEAR

POETRY is a major objective—not an afterthought—for one American publisher. Since 1936 New Directions has been concentrating on "the lifeblood of literature," discovering new poets with its *Five Young Poets* collections, encouraging experiment in its *New Directions* annuals, reviving the classics with lively modern translations like C. F. MacIntyre's *Faust,* importing the best from abroad in such volumes as the comprehensive *Anthology of Latin American Poetry,* and issuing the beautifully printed monthly books of *The Poets of the Year* series. This series, to which you may subscribe, is the ideal way to "keep up" with the best poetry, because it offers a balanced and catholic selection of titles representing many different tendencies and types of verse. A complete list of *The Poets* is given below. Send now, or ask your bookseller, for any you have missed.

Newest Titles—The 1943 Series

($1 each,* or $5 by the year)

Dylan Thomas: *New Poems*
Rochester: *A Satire Against Mankind,* edited by Harry Levin
Bertolt Brecht: *The Trial of Lucullus,* a verse play for radio
Harry Brown: *The Violent*
Friedrich Hoelderlin: *Some Poems,* translated by Frederic Prokosch, German included
George Barker: *Sacred & Secular Elegies*
Rimbaud: *Illuminations,* trans. by Roothan, French included
Yvor Winters: *The Giant Weapon* (August)
Three Russian Poets (Pushkin, Lermontov, Tutchev) translated by Vladimir Nabokov (November)
August Derleth: *And You, Thoreau* (September)
A Little Anthology of Canadian Poets (October)
Richard Eberhart: *Poems, New & Selected* (December)

The Second Series

Robert Penn Warren: *Eleven Poems on the Same Theme*
Carl Rakosi: *Selected Poems*
John Malcolm Brinnin: *The Lincoln Lyrics*
Hildegarde Flanner: *If There Is Time*
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Kenneth Patchen: *The Teeth of the Lion*
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John Berryman: *Poems*
Winfield Townley Scott: *The Sword on the Table*
Herrick: *Some Poems*
Pindar: *Some Odes,* translated by Richmond Lattimore
A Wreath of Christmas Poems

The First Series

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Harry Brown: *The End of a Decade*
John Donne: *Some Poems & A Devotion*
Josephine Miles: *Poems On Several Occasions*
Delmore Schwartz: *Shenandoah,* a verse play
Theodore Spencer: *The Paradox in the Circle*
Dudley Fitts: *More Poems from the Palatine Anthology*
F. T. Prince: *Poems*
Rilke: *The Book of Hours,* trans. by Babette Deutsch
Howard Baker: *A Letter from the Country*
Malcolm Cowley: *The Dry Season*
• John Wheelwright: *Selected Poems*

**also available in pamphlet style at fifty cents each. Annual subscriptions $5 ($5.50 with slipcase). Complete sets of first and second series, $5.50 each.*

GENESIS

by Delmore Schwartz

$3.00

This long narrative poem is an important landmark in modern poetry, a real "new direction" in American writing. With his first book, *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities,* Delmore Schwartz showed that he had exceptional gifts; with *Genesis* he proves that he has the poetic stamina to write profoundly on the large scale.

Here is a book which combines the story interest of a good novel with the appeal of richly textured verse. *Genesis* is the tale of Hershey Green, a Jewish boy growing up in modern New York. Schwartz traces the manifold forces —social, racial, economic, psychological— which shape his life, and interprets their meaning in verse of very moving power.

"*Genesis* is impressive in a way that recent poetry too seldom has been—in the range of its subject matter. Schwartz has a fine capacity for combining lyric immediacy with philosophical reflection, and can thus command both the particular and the general."
—F. O. Matthiessen *(Partisan Review)*

"The poem is a variegated phenomenon. There is such freshness of perception, such understanding of childhood, such a cohesion and order in the writing, and indeed such splendid areas of poetic feeling, that one acknowledges the satisfaction of a harmonious work of art."
—Richard Eberhart *(New Republic)*

"Mr. Schwartz is moving in the direction of Dante's type of sublimation, and upon much the same type of philosophical conviction. The difficulty he has had with his subject matter has been enough to demand of him the maximum possible poetic response so that he has made a poetic, a living order. The hope expressed in his preface is here richly and variously gratified: 'There is in this work some truth about all human beings.'"
—R. P. Blackmur *(Kenyon Review)*

NEW DIRECTIONS 67 W. 44 • N. Y. C.

Coming Soon: *A Wreath for the Sea,* new poems by Robert Fitzgerald; *Maldoror,* by Lautréamont; a new *Five Young American Poets* (No. 3) featuring Jean Garrigue, John Frederick Nims, Eve Merriam, Tennessee Williams and Alejandro Carrion (Ecuador); the 1943 edition of *New Directions* annual; *Stephen Hero* by James Joyce. **Send for free complete list of New Directions books.**

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